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The Week

NOW that the President's new monetary policy is beginning to simmer down to realities, it appears to be pretty far from the means of inflation which its opponents feared and at least some of its advocates hoped. Buying of newly mined domestic gold, as The New Republic predicted last week, does not have any immediate effect on domestic prices. It would be necessary to sell gold as well—that is, to redeem currency in gold at a new valuation—in order to accomplish that result, and even such a measure might not do it. As for buying gold abroad, further to depreciate the exchange and thus have a possible effect in raising domestic prices, this course is seen at once as likely to bring us into conflict with the British and their huge exchange-equalization fund, unless we first have an understanding with them as to joint monetary policy. Without such an understanding, only a disruptive competition in exchange depreciation, which could do nobody any permanent good, would be in prospect. Great Britain and Sweden, which have used exchange manipulation as an element of conscious policy, have both discovered that they could not do much with it to increase domestic prices. The utmost they have been able to do is to stabilize domestic prices in the face of falling gold prices. But a non-gold currency bloc with Great Britain and the United States at its center might do much to achieve desirable results.

IT LOOKED as if we were all set for a fight between the administration and the big steel companies. Railroad Coördinator Eastman had written them a public letter reminding them they had agreed to bid competitively on a price for rails, saying that this price should be at least as low as $35, and warning that if any company thought the price ought to be higher, it should submit its books to governmental examination to prove its case. The four companies which hold the monopoly thereupon submitted, as usual, virtually identical offers, giving evidence of collusion, at the basic figure of $37.75. Mr. Eastman called attention to his former position and put the matter up to the White House. President Roosevelt settled the matter by what looked like a compromise—splitting the difference and obtaining agreement on a price of $36.375. In reality, of course, this was a surrender of principle. The reason for it was undoubtedly a desire to hasten large orders for rails instead of engaging in a prolonged and bitter controversy—but the monopoly is not broken, the government does not know what the costs and profits in rail-making really are, and it is still doubtful whether the price is low enough to bring forth the possible maximum of orders.

WHILE this issue of The New Republic is being distributed to its most distant readers, the New York mayoralty election will be decided. As usual in such campaigns, the issues are confused, and it is uncertain just what would be gained or lost by the success of any candidate. Tammany of course is fighting for its life; it would rather have LaGuardia elected in the certainty that a reform, fusion candidate will be ousted after four years than to lose control of the machine to Boss Flynn of the Bronx and candidate McKee. There is little assurance that McKee would be any more righteous or a more unbossed politician than Mayor O'Brien, or that Flynn would be superior to Curry and McCooey. McKee's program is approved by many bankers and business men because it is mainly based

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on balancing the budget by cutting expenses rather than increasing taxes. This looks bad for the schools and other public services. LaGuardia, still apparently in the lead, is by far the best of the three candidates personally, but the weakness of his position is exposed by the cross-fire of attacks upon him. On the one hand he is condemned as a representative of the conservative Republicans because Ogden Mills has endorsed him, on the other as a flaming revolutionary because he is associated with the League for Independent Political Action. This is, in fact, the kind of movement fusion is. It is sure to fall apart after the election, even if successful, and no matter what LaGuardia may do. It will be difficult to find any permanent significance in the result.

ONE of the chief purposes of the American people in repealing prohibition has undoubtedly been to do away with the bootlegger and his gangster allies; but it is beginning to be a matter of grave doubt whether this purpose will be accomplished. The federal government, the states and cities, are all desperately in need of revenue, and they have leaped upon liquor, with loud, glad cries, as giving them a new and important source of taxation. The result now seems likely to be that when all these various taxes are added together, they will prove unendurably large, in which case the drinking population will simply continue to do what it has done for the past fifteen years—to buy from the bootlegger or through the speakeasy both distilled and fermented products which are now, and long have been, of reasonably good quality and moderate price, free of all taxes except the not too burdensome graft paid to officers of the law. It would seem obvious that if the traffic is to be legalized, lawful liquor should cost no more than that which the bootlegger provides; yet in New York State and many other communities, according to the experts, this will not be the case, at least for a long time to come.

IN New York City, the number of speakeasies is reliably reported to be increasing rapidly in expectation of these very circumstances. Even the advent of 3.2 beer has not done away with the evils in that trade. There are too many brewers, and consumption seems to be dwindling with the first enthusiasm for the lawful beverage. Gangsters are being used today to push the sale of legal beer; proprietors of lawful restaurants are being beaten up and their fixtures smashed, through the efforts of "high-powered salesmen." In New York, these lawless methods are practised by licensed breweries with strong political connections —connections which lead straight to some of the most important figures in Tammany Hall and the allied machine in Brooklyn. . . . The United States drifted into prohibition and all its evils. We are now in danger of drifting into a continuation of the same evils, and some new ones, because of our incorrigible unwillingness to look ahead and to make plans based not on what people ought to do but on what they can in fact be persuaded to do.

THE Roosevelt administration is interesting itself actively in the question of large salaries. Railroad Coördinator Eastman has established the principle that roads which come to the government for aid shall not pay any of their officers more than $60,000 a year as salary or bonus, or both. The government is circulating a questionnaire—and one which has been bitterly resented—among the big corporations of the country, asking them to supply a list of all their large salaries or other emoluments. It is known that Mr. Roosevelt feels the standard established by Mr. Eastman is a reasonable one. One of the major scandals of big business in the past decade—and one which has been fully reported in our columns—is the habit among directors and officers of profitable corporations of voting one another enormous salaries and bonuses, oftentimes without the knowledge or consent of the stockholders. The real point about such cases as those of Mr. Hill of the American Tobacco Company and Mr. Wiggin of the Chase National Bank is that they are typical and not exceptional. At the same time, it is well to remember that the evil done through inflated salaries is far less important than that which arises from other sins of capitalism—from profits earned on watered stock, from monopolistic practices, from the sort of graft represented when dummy corporations are set up, owned by insiders, to perform essential services at extortionate prices. President Roosevelt's campaign against high salaries would be a grave mistake unless it were only the prelude to an attack on other and far more important forms of legalized extortion.

IT IS particularly unfortunate, in our opinion, that the first aspect of this campaign to get wide attention in the press was the reported investigation of movie stars' salaries. We take it for granted that this matter had no special importance in President Roosevelt's mind. We also trust that on further reflection, he and his associates will find it advisable to drop the whole question, so far as actors' salaries are concerned, and confine themselves to the remuneration of the movie executives. Motion-picture actors are not in the position of those business men who increase one another's salaries on the principle of "You scratch my back and I'll scratch yours." They are paid their $5,000 a week because the motion-picture companies find by experience that their popularity is worth this sum, at the box office. Before the United States government gets around to curtailing earned income, it has, as we have already suggested, so much to do in the way of curtailing unearned income that it will be many years before it has the right to meddle in this matter. If ever.

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SAYING that one lynching is worse than another is at best splitting hairs. Nevertheless the killing of George Armwood, a forty-year-old Negro who on October 18 was hanged at Princess Anne, Maryland, stands out as a particularly revolting case—revolting not only because of the brutality displayed by the mob (Armwood was tortured and mutilated before he was killed and his body was afterwards burned) and the vagueness of the case against the victim (he was charged with having assaulted an eighty-year-old woman) but also because of the ineffectual resistance put up by the authorities and their subsequent whitewashing by an investigation. Moreover, Armwood was moved to the Princess Anne jail from Baltimore shortly before he was lynched, in spite of the obvious danger involved in moving him. All of these factors, together with the publication in The Daily Worker and The Baltimore Post of a list of leaders of the mob, a list obtained from an eyewitness by John L. Spivak, have combined to arouse a widespread and sustained protest. By now the protest has created so much embarrassment in high circles that Governor Ritchie may be forced to propose some form of anti-lynching legislation before the elections next year.

THE degree of cordiality existing between two nations is often revealed in the criminal courts. In Poland, for example, there was a time when the assassination of Soviet consuls was regarded by juries as a misdemeanor, somewhat on the same level as shooting rabbits without a license. But that was before the German counter-revolution created a threat to Poland from the West and made her look eastward with friendlier eyes. On October 21 a Ukrainian terrorist named Nicholas Lemyk shot and killed a Russian consular officer. The Polish government immediately apologized to Russia through the Soviet embassy. Exactly nine days after the shooting, Lemyk was sentenced by a Polish court to life imprisonment.

EVER since the advent of the N.R.A., the Commercial Telegraphers' Union, an A.F. of L. organization, has been conducting a militant campaign to unionize the eight hundred or more operators employed by the Associated Press. According to public allegations of Mr. Arthur Markel, deputy president of the Commercial Telegraphers' Union, the Associated Press has refused all negotiations with his union, and has threatened with dismissal any employees suspected of union sympathies. At the recent national convention of the A.F. of L. in Washington, a resolution was unanimously adopted, reading in part:

> Mr. Frank B. Noyes, publisher of The Washington Star, is president of the Associated Press. He has taken a position that the Associated Press does not come under the provisions of the National Industrial Recovery Act, thereby showing his unwillingness to coöperate with the President. . . . Many of the employees of the Associated Press are members of the Commercial Telegraphers' Union of North America, and more than 51 percent of the fifteen hundred employees of the Associated Press have signified their desire to be represented by the Commercial Telegraphers' Union of North America, and as this is a right that is guaranteed under the provisions of the N.R.A., your committee recommends that this resolution be referred to the Executive Committee of the American Federation of Labor to take such steps as may be necessary to bring about the application of the N.R.A. to the employees of the Associated Press and recognition of their right to organize and designate their representatives without coercion.

The granite-faced hostility of the A.P. to unionization goes back many years. It has always been an unexplained mystery how an organization which has resisted so fiercely unionization of its own workers can be expected to present impartial stories of labor struggles in other industries.

NORTHERNERS who grow indignant over Jim Crow practices in the South usually disregard the very real discrimination which Negroes suffer in even the most enlightened Northern communities. A recent case in Pennsylvania, however, has involved so flagrant a display of racial prejudice that it has aroused a growing protest of liberal and progressive elements throughout the state. The case came out of the building of a new school house in Berwyn, on the outskirts of Philadelphia. A bond issue of $250,000 had been voted by the township, and appeals had been particularly directed to the Negroes of the community because an adverse Negro vote could have blocked the issue. When the school was finished, however, the school board consolidated with the school board of the adjoining Tredyffrin Township. A reassignment of pupils was then announced. When the schools opened, in October, 1932, the old school buildings in each township were set aside for Negroes only, and the Negroes, refusing to permit their children to attend school on this basis, have boycotted the schools ever since. Counsel for the Negro parents brought a mandamus action in the Chester County Court, but it was thrown out on the grounds that only the State Attorney General may bring such a suit, and this the Attorney General has persistently refused to do. The only heartening aspect of the dispute is the way in which progressive Pennsylvania organizations have joined with the Negroes in their protest; the Joint Committee of Action, organized September 20, already has the support of twelve religious, radical and educational bodies —as well as that of one post of the American Legion—with a total membership of over four thousand.

THE recent report of the National Child Labor Committee, dealing with working conditions in the sugar-beet areas of Colorado, discloses still another case of the exploitation of children which can only be described as medieval. In thirty-four families

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studied, typical of thousands of others, 85 percent of all children between the ages of seven and fifteen were found to be employed as field laborers, working from ten to twelve hours a day. Twenty-three percent of these children were under ten years of age, and 33 percent under eleven, in spite of the fact that the contracts for beet workers specified that no children under eleven should be employed. Beets are raised by contracts, and the rate of payment is so low that the entire families of the workers must be in the fields if they are not to starve. Even so, the average family income from the beet fields was found to be $53 a year, about fifteen cents a day per person. With these wages there are the attendant evils of inadequate housing, insufficient public relief and virtual enslavement of the workers to the storekeepers to whom they are indebted for food.

THE report of the National Child Labor Committee was made in connection with the hearing on the Sugar Stabilization Agreement in Washington. Although the agreement was not approved and the Committee's recommendations for correcting the terrible conditions in the beet fields have not been acted upon, the care and detail of the report suggest one of the incidental benefits of the National Recovery Act and its allied legislation: whatever else may be said of the hearings on the codes and on the various proposals for farm relief, they have resulted in the accumulation of a great body of information on the plight of labor throughout the country. This information has not been coordinated and it has not been fully applied, but it remains on record when the present or some later administration has the courage to act upon it.

The Crisis of the N.R.A.

THE MURMUR against the N.R.A. is beginning to grow into a roar. The striking farmers don't like it. Big business is frightened by it. Representatives of consumers attack it. Labor, especially the more radical wings of labor, say that it is a fraud, and the advance guard of fascism. As weeks go by with falling prices and falling production, all opponents are encouraged to press the attack. The President seeks to create a diversion by concentrating temporarily on money policy, but the diversion does not still the clamor. What is the matter?

Superficially, one might say that the great war on depression is like any other war. At the opening of hostilities, when drums beat and the departing regiments jauntily fly their banners to cheering crowds, everybody is electrified with enthusiasm. The nation is a unit. Victory is expected within a few months. The army is invincible. But soon a few reverses are experienced. The casualty lists begin to grow. It is discovered that the general staff is incompetent and has made mistakes; some commanders in the field turn out to be stupid or cowardly. Supplies are inadequate; the services and industries behind the front have not been well enough organized. The prospect of victory recedes into the indefinite future. Spy mania arrives. Enlistment lags and conscription has to be employed. Numerous schools of strategy develop and acrimonious controversies are carried on. In a sense, this is just what is happening to Mr. Roosevelt's recovery program. It was not so easy to win the war on depression as many believed. The first campaigns were pretty hastily improvised. War claims its inevitable victims. People forget their former hatred and fear of the enemy in their present discomfort, and there is a good deal of talk of abandoning the war entirely and returning to the old policy of letting things slide.

This analogy, however, is not wholly enlightening. When a nation is at war with a foreign enemy, it is at least pretty well united in interest and purpose, if not in approval of specific means of winning the victory. This is far less true of a war on an impersonal abstraction like depression. When one examines the objections now made, it is obvious that they represent forces which are fully as hostile to one another as to depression itself. Labor, for instance, objects that hours are not yet short enough or wages high enough, that true collective bargaining is not in many cases being enforced, while the cost of living is rising too fast. Farmers and other consumers agree with labor that retail prices of manufactured articles are going up faster than their incomes. On the other hand, a spokesman for unregenerate capitalism like William Randolph Hearst speaks of the N.R.A. as "socialistic dictatorship" and calls the administration back from "the theories of Karl Marx and the policies of Stalin." He says that "it imposed upon industry, struggling toward recovery, shorter hours and higher pay and greater employment and heavier burdens in every direction than industry, weakened by depression and only newly reviving, was able to bear." Evidently Mr. Hearst thinks the road to recovery now lies in lengthening hours, reducing wages and discharging employees, while continuing to maintain prices of the goods produced. He believes in the good old Hoover doctrine of stimulating business by giving the rich a larger share in the limited income of our poverty. Other capitalists and employers by the thousand agree with him.

Minor errors, gaps in the recovery program, tactical mistakes, can be corrected by the administration. The basic situation is far better than last March, better than most of the critics believe. Nevertheless there has been a strategical mistake which, if it is persisted in, will ultimately wreck the administration and all its plans. This is the assumption that people like Mr. Hearst, the steel magnates, Henry Ford, the investment bankers, the Stock Exchange and even thousands of small employers, are fundamentally in line with a program calculated to be of real benefit to wage earners, farmers and

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small salary earners and can be induced voluntarily to coöperate with it. It is the belief that through persuasion, patriotism, loyalty, ballyhoo or what-not, they can be brought honestly to administer and execute such a program. It is the light-hearted confidence that the masses of the country can permanently be benefited without casualties in the ranks of capitalism, without taking away from the old rulers of the system wealth and powers, the loss of which is bound to turn them into far more bitter enemies of the administration than of depression itself.

Can any informed person doubt, for instance, that if we are to give prosperity to the farmer and bring about larger employment and wage income, the spread between the prices received by the farmer and the goods sold to him must be reduced, and the spread between wage earning and the goods produced by industry must be narrowed? How can this be brought about except by putting out of business a lot of manufacturers, wholesalers and retailers whose costs are so high that they maintain an unduly wide spread? How can it be brought about without reducing the profit margins even of the more efficient concerns? And how can these and other necessary measures be effectuated without controls which will cause capitalists and bankers to cry to high heaven about Marx and Stalin, and to be so frightened that they will decline to lend or invest a dollar in new enterprises, thus drying up the very sources of recovery—so long as we depend on private lending and investment?

So long as the Roosevelt administration pretends that it is trying to hold the balance even between labor and capital, so long as it attempts to bring about results which in essence are revolutionary without offending or injuring or applying compulsion to anybody, it is in the weakest of positions. General Johnson's "dead cats" will fly thicker and thicker, and they will all fly at his head. The administration will keep arousing hopes which it does not satisfy, it will offend and injure without acting effectively in pursuit of its aims. It will suffer the fate of all reformers in a revolutionary situation, reformers who start something they have not the wit and courage to finish. It will be succeeded either by a movement further to the left or by a thoroughgoing reaction.

The administration must, if it is to survive and succeed, make up its mind quite definitely what it wants to do, and then not shrink from the measures necessary to do it. It must reorganize its staff, and make sure the various parts of its program hang together. It must identify its opponents and mobilize the support of those whom it is really trying to benefit. It must leave no doubt as to the specific aims of its warfare, and not shrink from fighting those whom it must fight to achieve these aims. It cannot possibly avoid all opposition—extremely powerful opposition. But it can avoid being opposed by everybody. It can choose sides and struggle loyally for the side it has chosen.

Reduce Debts to Raise Prices

MOST ECONOMISTS would agree that one of the greatest difficulties still to be overcome on the road to recovery is the discrepancy between the price levels at which the bulk of the mortgage debt was incurred and the present incomes of the debtors. Much has been written about this in the past, but in the excitement about the N.R.A. and the general expectation that prices would be restored to a higher level, the problem of reducing debts has been relegated to a secondary place. Nevertheless, it is still highly critical and demands far more effective action than has been taken.

The net price rise, now that the bulge of the early summer has fallen off during the later reaction, is nowhere near enough to remedy the discrepancy. Nor is there any chance that it will be remedied in the near future. The President in his last radio speech announced his intention to bring prices up to a point at which the gap would no longer be serious, but he himself indicated that progress might be slow, that it might take as long as three years. The New Republic has expressed its own skepticism that the present—or any conceivable—monetary policy will alone be sufficient to raise prices permanently. Prices will not go up far until there is a business recovery; meanwhile the gap between prices and debts interferes with recovery. And even if prices are ultimately increased, the chances are that they will not be increased enough to obviate the desirability of a good deal of debt cutting.

Statements of this kind are not very enlightening without careful specification, but it is easy to show in what general respects this is true.

The fixed debt of corporate industry, though embarrassing in certain cases like that of the utility holding companies, is not, on the whole, a serious burden. Many concerns, both large and small, used their profits during the boom to write down their bonded indebtedness. Industry as a whole would not be prevented from going forward by the size of its fixed charges, provided there were a revival of demand for its products.

The railroads form a class by themselves on account of the large proportion of bonds in their capital structures. Their difficulty in raising new capital does undoubtedly prevent them from ordering new equipment and extending their investment as freely as they might. In spite of the new law facilitating their capital reorganization, little progress has been made in this direction, because with the growth of traffic which accompanied the early stages of recovery they began to hope that receiverships might be avoided. It is to be noted that no general price increase would give the railroads any direct benefit, since it would not be reflected in higher rates. If price increase does not come promptly, on the other hand, railroad rates, which were reduced little during the depression, will prob-

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ably have to come down. There is every reason to push the project of reducing the capital charges of the railroads.

The most critical debt situation now appears, on the surface, to be that of the farmers. The pressure of creditors for payment probably does as much as anything else to stimulate the agrarian cry for inflation. The discrepancy between crop prices and the prices of industrial products is also important, but it is not so readily dramatized and does not appear so onerous because the single payments for merchandise bought are not so large as the interest and amortization payments on mortgages. The federal government and the states together have gone far to create a moratorium on foreclosures, but this does not solve the problem, by any means. Farmers who can pay enough to avoid foreclosure still need relief from burdensome debt payments. The country needs to have them relieved, because their money ought to be flowing more into markets for goods which will stimulate employment and less into financial institutions which are reluctant to reloan or invest it. The Federal Land Banks, even under the new legislation, can do little to bring about general relief from debt charges. The creditors do not have to accept government obligations in exchange for mortgages unless they wish to do so, and they generally do not, if they see any chance of making the farmers pay.

Far more important quantitatively is the urban mortgage debt. The failure of the Home Loan Banks to give adequate relief to home owners, even, in many cases, when the danger of foreclosure threatens, is notorious. And the mortgagees are not in the least eager to accept the bonds of these banks. No general program whatever is being applied to the debt on buildings not owned by individual dwellers therein. The result is that we are seeing a continuation of the struggle which has frozen new building and real-estate activities for three years—the long-drawn-out guerilla warfare between individual debtors and individual creditors, with each side holding out to squeeze the last possible cent out of the other. It is probably true that there would have been a considerable revival of private home building before this if the banks and other financial institutions had not been so careful in trying to protect their old investments. There are people who want to build and need only a conservative mortgage loan in order to start. Banks have money to lend. But they do not want to countenance a new competition with the structures already built, which, on account of low incomes, low rents and vacancies, are not able to meet old debt charges. Thus the banks, by stifling new building, prevent the very thing which is needed most in order to increase incomes, rents and prices. Their pressure has been influential also in hindering federal and local governments from embarking on a large housing program.

Only drastic, general action can deal effectively with a situation of this kind. Only that can stop the long tug-of-war between debtors and creditors and prepare the way for advance. The financial institutions of the country do not want inflation. We believe that they are not likely to have it soon in any case. But the only other alternative, if we want any quick recovery, is a general scaling down of farm and urban mortgage debts, which will prepare the way for new investment and larger spending on current necessities. Other countries have tried drastic measures of this kind, with a considerable degree of sucess. The administration ought to devote special study to possible means of writing down debts as promptly and painlessly as possible. Action of this sort, at least to some degree, will probably be necessary in any case, and a decisive measure of debt cutting may prove to be a better route to recovery than all kinds of tinkering with money, which raises false hopes, unlikely to be satisfied without a wholly dangerous and uncontrolled degree of inflation.

We should like to see commodity prices rise, and hope they will rise as much as the President now seems to want them to do. But that is no reason for declining to use the deflationary arm of the pincers at the same time, in order to take a firm hold on recovery. Increase incomes—deflate debts. We know of no depression of this magnitude which has been outlived in the past without a large measure of debt readjustment. The length of this process is one of the most potent forces which usually delay recovery. One factor in our economic system which is believed by many authorities to have rendered this depression more stubborn than many others is the increased resistance which powerful aggregations of capital have been able to offer to deflation. The more quickly prices can be increased, the less deflation will be necessary. But the more quickly the debt tangle can be cleared, the more quickly can we have genuine recovery. Indeed, it is extremely uncertain whether recovery and commodity-price increase themselves can go far without a much wider writing-down of debts than we have had. It is high time to go about the job in earnest, rather than being content with such piffling relief as has so far been forthcoming from the Farm Loan and Home Loan systems.

Educating for War

THE Hitler government is beginning to be more sensitive to foreign opinion, as the novices in international affairs who now control Germany come to realize that in spite of all they can do, the attitude regarding them which prevails in other lands can have extremely serious consequences, not only for their political future but for their economic well-being. In his recent radio address, Hitler went out of the way to assume a conciliatory tone toward foreign countries, and France in particular. Orders have at last been given, with

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some signs that they are meant to be obeyed, that foreigners in Germany shall no longer be beaten for failing to salute the Nazi flag. Perhaps most significant of all, the German government has withdrawn its new official textbook, "The Science of Arms," written by Professor Ewald Banse for use in high schools and universities, after it had been subjected to adverse criticism abroad. There is no doubt, however, that Professor Banse's book accurately represented the attitude of Germany's rulers. It was an official publication, produced under government auspices and there is no doubt whatever that it would still be in use if it had not become a *cause célèbre*. Other books upholding the same set of ideas, which have not happened to gain the same degree of notoriety, are still in use. For these reasons, it is still worth while to point out the character of Professor Banse's ideas.

"War is constructive," says Professor Banse. "It builds up while it destroys. War is therefore a perpetual rejuvenator and it is wrong to see destructive tendencies in it. Those who speak in this way are thinking only of the loss of human life and human work during the recent war. This, however, is only a temporary phase and necessary for development. A bath of steel cleans the way toward a new idealism. The greater part of the people who live through a war see only its terror, but those who survive it are later able to recognize the real importance of war as a force which builds and opens up a future." With this beginning, Professor Banse arrives at his definition: "War is a form of the struggle for a state which dominates the being." It is the duty of every human being who has recognized his ethical responsibilities to defend this "state of existence," and only the citizen who is always ready to give his life for the preservation of the state has a right to ask for the protection and privileges the state can give.

Professor Banse's suggestions for spreading the faith are more practical and less ecstatic. Although he says that "the readiness of a people to carry arms and its urge to do so is regulated by its spiritual attitude, which evolves from its blood and education," he admits that as a practical measure the state should give every material assistance to the war-loving elements in the population; then, he predicts, the war-loving will be able to impose their exalted vision of militarism and war on those not yet able to accept it. Nor need the lack of arms be a real barrier to determined militarists. For a disarmed and defenseless people—the Professor does not say "Germany"—"biological war is a given weapon." Water for drinking and other purposes will be poisoned by typhoid microbes; pestilence can be introduced by fleas and artificially infected rats; airplanes can carry disease germs into the enemy country. Nor is all this, it should be borne in mind, written for a few advanced students of military science. It is a sample of the daily intellectual fare of the youth of the entire country.

Along with this sort of preparation in the field of ideas, there is now concrete evidence of the rapid increase in German war equipment. The following list of German factories which are manufacturing war materials was first printed in Le Journal, of Paris, on July 26, and reprinted in the Neue Weltbühne of Prague and in The Living Age in this country; it has not been satisfactorily answered by the German authorities:

> Tanks at the Linke-Hoffmann railroad-car factory in Breslau and at the Daimler-Benz automobile factory at Offenbach. Small arms at the Mauser sporting-rifle factory in Orberndorf, at the Polte iron foundry in Magdeburg, at the Deutsche Waffen und Munitionsfabrik in Berlin and Karlsruhe, and at the B.M.W. engine plant in Eisenbach. Cannon at Simon's rifle factory in Suhl. Mine-throwers at the vehicle factory in Eisenach and at the Pintsch gas-meter factory in Fürstenwalde. Munitions in the steel mills of the Dortmunder Union and of the Deutsche Werke in Spandau and at the Polte iron foundry in Magdeburg.

This list by no means completes the roster of German factories directly charged with producing arms and war equipment, since it leaves out the Krupp works, which, according to the writer in the Neue Weltbühne, are producing cannon; the Essen works, producing armor plate; the Rheinmetale works in Düsseldorf and Sömmerda, also producing cannon, and others. In addition, the high development of the German chemical industry makes Professor Banse's technical analysis and ethical defense of chemical and bacteriological warfare more pertinent than they would be for any other country.

With effective opposition to war within Germany totally destroyed, with industry organized into a vast war machine, with both pacifists and revolutionists killed, imprisoned or forced into hiding or flight, with the government in complete control of the church and press, with strikes forbidden and, finally, with education reduced to little more than propaganda for war, the Nazis are certainly in a splendid position to assure the world of their peaceful intentions, but hardly in a position to be offended if the world refuses to believe them.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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Heap Bad Medicine

WITHIN the last few weeks, the patent-medicine makers have begun a bitter, under-cover campaign to destroy, if possible, the liberal leadership of the Roosevelt administration. Their attack is not to be underestimated. Bizarre as it may sound, the administration could be faced with few more dangerous, powerful opponents. Not only do a number of patent-medicine concerns have important, far-reaching business and banking connections, but the patent-medicine manufacturers, as a group, constitute one of the country's largest buyers of advertising space. They are, consequently, in a position to bring extreme pressure upon newspapers, magazines and broadcasting stations, and this they are already attempting to do.

The immediate object of their attack is a new Pure Food and Drug bill sponsored by the administration. Hearings on this bill, before a Senate subcommittee of which Senator Copeland is chairman, will begin shortly. But the patent-medicine makers' objections are not confined to specific provisions of the bill. Through their counsel, Mr. Harry B. Thompson, they allege that the liberal element in the Roosevelt administration wishes to prevent "self-medication" altogether. Furthermore, they profess to believe that it is the dark purpose of the administration "to reduce all advertising to 10 percent of the present volume." The patent-medicine makers declare they feel they are fighting for their economic lives. They say frankly that either the administration must abandon its proposed bill or they will attempt to destroy the administration.

To a layman observer, the administration's bill seems anything but drastic. Its avowed purpose is merely to supplement and perfect the existing Pure Food and Drug Law, obtained back in 1906 by the crusading Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, Mr. Samuel Hopkins Adams and Collier's Weekly. The chief advance in the administration's bill is a section giving the federal authorities power to forbid false or misleading advertising. At present, the federal authorities have no jurisdiction whatever over advertising copy. This particular provision is the only discernible basis for the wild and whirling words of the patent-medicine makers. Needless to say, the proposed new law in fact neither "prevents self-medication" nor sets any limit to truthful advertising. It is important to note that Mr. F. J. Schlink of Consumers' Research, co-author of the devastating "100,000,000 Guinea Pigs" and an authority on such matters, opposes the administration's bill as totally inadequate.

Three distinct industries are affected by the administration's draft bill: cosmetics, foods and drugs. Manufacturers of cosmetics and foods have not evinced any great opposition to the bill. As far as cosmetics are concerned the bill attempts to do no more than forbid the advertising and sale of preparations definitely injurious to health. The substantial, big-money interests in the cosmetics industry make soaps, face creams and face powders which —however prodigiously overpriced they may be— are in most cases harmless. These big-money interests profess themselves eager to see the administration's bill passed. They say, very wisely, that whenever newspapers report the damage suit of a woman or girl who has contracted slow paralysis or lost her teeth, let us say, from using some cheap, obscure hair remover, the sale of all beauty preparations suffers.

The food section of the administration's bill is principally designed to extend to the whole food industry existing restrictions in the McNary-Mapes law. The McNary-Mapes law affects only canned goods, and the National Canners' Association not unnaturally is anxious to see its provisions made to cover competing food products. So far as can be discovered, no important food groups actively oppose the administration's bill. One qualification, however, needs to be made to this statement. The administration's bill proposes the setting up of classifications by which foods may be graded, in accordance with the time-honored grocers' formula, as extra fancy, fancy and standard. Administration economists set great value on this provision. They argue that today the consumer, except in the case of a few long established specialty brands, never has any assurance of quality and accordingly tends to buy food products solely by price. Once standards of quality were set up, however, consumers presumably could be tempted into paying a little more for the extra-fancy and fancy grades. This would benefit the whole food trade, would permit canners to pay higher prices for the farmer's produce and would likewise give the farmer an incentive to raise better vegetables, fruits and meats. The National Canners' Association does not think much of this scheme. Its expressed position is that the technical difficulties of setting up quality standards, where quality depends on such subtle factors as taste, aroma and appearance, are insuperable. Government experts deny this, and it is alleged that the real opposition comes from the few wholesalers possessing trade-marked brand names. These wholesalers fear that if the government undertakes to step in and give the stamp of extra-fancy quality to any jerkwater canner whose products are entitled to it, the special good-will value of their Pink Rose Brand, or whatever it may be, will rapidly evaporate.

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However, the apparent acquiescence of the cosmetics and food industries in the administration's bill is more than made up for by the drug interests' rabid enmity. Their own words reveal the patent-medicine makers' motives very frankly. It should be explained that the thing the medicine makers most object to in the government's control of advertising is a stipulation that, when a medicine is simply a palliative and not a specific cure, this fact shall be clearly set forth. Listen to the plaint of Mr. Frank A. Blair of Fletcher's Castoria, president of the Proprietary Association, in Editor and Publisher for October 7: "It is generally recognized that there are comparatively few specifics. Why, then, compel a manufacturer to adopt negative advertising if his medicine is a palliative and not a specific?" In the magazine, Broadcasting, Mr. A. T. Boericke, of the advertising agency of Boericke and Runyon, San Francisco, says the same thing in more belligerent terms: "While theoretically the manufacturer [under the administration's bill] may advertise, practically he may not and will not because all the force and strength of his advertising is gone." Mr. H. M. Blackett, president of the Blackett-Sample-Hummert advertising agency of Chicago, according to Editor and Publisher, has sent a letter to magazine and newspaper publishers, reading in part: ". . . food and drug advertising is different from other classifications. It must actually sell the products. It must put up a strong selling story—strong enough to actually move the goods off the dealers' shelves." More briefly, why can't a manufacturer hide the fact his medicine isn't a cure, if that will help business?

The general counsel of the Proprietary Association, Mr. Thompson, is not so crudely spoken as his clients. Mr. Thompson, who resembles an old-time, fire-eating Senator, has drawn a $25,000 annual retainer these many years for his skill in killing off more stringent drug legislation. At present, Mr. Thompson's formal argument against the administration's bill is that it extends bureaucratic control over free Americans. This is true enough. The administration's bill was deliberately drawn for the purpose of stopping up loopholes in the old 1906 law. However, it seems a fair question whether any amount of bureaucratic control over vendors of fake cures for diabetes, heart disease and cancer could be too great.

Last September 14, Mr. Thompson dispatched a bulletin to members of the Proprietary Association presenting a factual analysis of the administration's bill. In this bulletin, he refers to the bill as the Copeland bill, a natural enough term, since Senator Copeland is the bill's sponsor in the Senate. However, on September 27 and October 5, Mr. Thompson sent out supplements to his original bulletin, in which the Copeland bill suddenly becomes the "Tugwell bill." In these supplements, Mr. Thompson argues that the administration's bill flouts the majesty of the Constitution and our courts, and places the drug trade at the mercy—in Mr. Thompson's phrase—"of a ukase of a satrap." Upon second thought, Mr. Thompson seemingly came to the decision that his best plan of attack is to challenge the political beliefs and characters of the present liberal leadership of the Department of Agriculture, conspicuous among which is Assistant Secretary Tugwell. That this interpretation of Mr. Thompson's strategy is accurate is confirmed by Mr. Thompson's bitter castigations in private conversation of Mr. Tugwell and his colleagues. Patly enough, immediately after Mr. Thompson's second supplementary bulletin, we find a long personal attack upon Mr. Tugwell made by Mr. William S. Groom, of the Thompson-Koch advertising agency, at a meeting of the Proprietary Association at the Hotel Biltmore in New York City.

Another significant happening concerns Good Housekeeping. In his second supplementary bulletin, Mr. Thompson devotes considerable attention to an article by Dr. Walter H. Eddy, endorsing the administration's bill, which appeared in Good Housekeeping for October. The Good Housekeeping Institute has for years upheld the Federal Pure Food and Drug administration. However, it is reliably reported that in its December issue Good Housekeeping will publish an article giving "another point of view" of the administration's bill, written by Mr. Earnest Elmo Calkins.

Mr. Thompson is a wily, experienced lobbyist, and the Proprietary Association includes the financial giants among the patent-medicine makers. However, what makes their hostility immensely dangerous is that they have behind them the great Drug Institute, with thirty-six thousand members, comprising the whole drug industry of the United States. The Drug Institute, it should be explained, has not as an organization gone on record in opposition to the administration's bill. It can only move with the consent of all its members, and the few so-called "ethicals"—manufacturers who sell solely to hospitals and physicians—refuse to place themselves in the position of seeming to refuse any governmental regulation, however strict. This difficulty has been side-stepped, however, by having the Drug Institute fight in the name of its principal constituent groups, namely the Proprietary Association (the big boys), the United Medicine Manufacturers (small fry), the American Pharmaceutical Association, the National Association of Wholesale Druggists and the National Association of Retail Druggists. The generalissimo of the fight on the administration's bill, however, is to be the Drug Institute's own chief counsel, Mr. J. Bruce Kremer. You will recall Mr. Kremer as National Democratic Committeeman from Montana, an early ally of former Governor Al Smith and a man of wide influence and popularity among Democratic members of Congress.

There is plenty of evidence that the Drug Institute also plans to transform, if it can, the fight

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against the administration's bill into a personal attack upon Mr. Tugwell and his associates. Recently leaders of the drug trade from all over the country have been gathering in Washington for conferences on the N.R.A. drug code. One of these men, the executive head of a great drug-store chain and a moving spirit in the Drug Institute, declares: "This man Tugwell has said things, and advocated legislation, which justify us in carrying this fight to a knock-out." Parenthetically, it may be mentioned that this same man is the author of the most entertaining of all arguments against the administration's bill. He says that the nation's pharmacists have lately been keeping tabs on all prescriptions written by doctors. They have found, according to him, that one-half of these prescriptions call for sugar, water and a little flavoring. If physicians, protected by the American Medical Association, can fleece the public by prescribing worthless medicines, he asks, why isn't it fair for patent-medicine makers to be permitted to advertise equally worthless cures? In justice to the medical profession, it should be hurriedly added that no documentary proof of the worthlessness of physicians' prescriptions was adduced.

The first job of any organization wishing to undertake political action is always to convince its own membership. From the various member organizations included in the Drug Institute, the word is now going out that the administration's bill means death to the drug trade. By the end of another few weeks, there will not be a humble corner druggist in the United States who will not have been told that his continued existence depends upon driving Mr. Tugwell and his colleagues out of public life forever. With this propaganda go instructions to see your Representative, to see your local editor. This correspondent has seen in the last few days half a dozen editorials, all suspiciously alike, from scattered small-town newspapers. Meantime the industry's leaders and their advertising-agency allies talk in Washington hotel rooms with Democratic party workers and with bankers and business men of supposed influence with conservative members of the Roosevelt administration. The drug industry is a very important one, with an annual turnover of $1,900 million. The only thing which can meet its attack upon the administration's bill is publicity. The one thing the patent-medicine makers dare not do, and have never dared do, is to fight in the open.

JONATHAN MITCHELL.

Travels in Russia's Countryside: II

The following is the second of two articles, based upon a diary kept by a visitor to several agricultural regions of European Russia in the autumn of 1932. It is presented by The New Republic, despite the lapse of time, because of its intrinsic interest and particularly the vivid picture it gives of Russian agriculture in a time of crisis. The author was one of the last foreign observers to travel through the lower Volga and the Caucasus before the agrarian troubles of last winter and the severe food shortage of last spring. Since then a rich harvest and improvements in organization have greatly ameliorated the situation. For a description of very recent Russian agricultural conditions, we refer our readers to "Good News from Russia," by Maxwell S. Stewart, in The New Republic of October 11.—THE EDITORS.

October 17.

AT THE Cotton Research Institute near Gandja in the Caucasus we learned something of the general cotton situation. Turkestan grows 90 percent of the present cotton output of Russia; Transcaucasia, where we are at the moment, 10 percent. In the Second Five Year Plan, the manager told us, "We expect to increase this to 13 percent and to raise another 3 percent in new regions. The problem in the past has been the shortness of the summer, especially in the Ukraine and North Caucasus, but, with the new early-maturing varieties, cultivation in these areas has become possible. We are breeding here," the manager continued, "for early strains and crossing with Egyptian cotton; we have got very good quality but low yields. Here we have to grow cotton with irrigation. This is not needed in the Ukraine. The Second Five Year Plan visualizes 100,000 hectares of cotton in Transcaucasia. We have five experimental stations in Transcaucasia with twenty substations; we are busy working on early-spring and late-autumn maturing varieties of fodder crops in order to avoid taking water, which is scarce in summer, from the cotton crop."

The head of the Cotton Institute is a worker and a member of the G.P.U. He is responsible for proper discipline in the Research Institute, and for removing anyone who shows any sign of insubordination. Not so long ago the Institute had sent a recommendation in to Moscow that they should undertake experiments with rotation of crops, since the yield from cotton grown by decree every year on the same soil was rapidly decreasing. This was regarded as evidence of insubordination and the whole staff of the Institute was removed to the local jail. The staff had, however, won its point, and we found most of the experimental plots were concerned with rotation of crops.

This illustrates very well the kind of quandary into which the Soviet government falls when, as an American engineer who visits Russia every year

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said to me, there is one good Communist reasonably competent for every thirty jobs open in the field of industry, but in the field of agriculture only one in five hundred.

From the Institute we set out for the ginning mill near the station; this was running full time and was evidently short of buildings in which to house this year's crop of cotton. The seed was being crushed and oil, soap and cake were all being manufactured as by-products. The whole enterprise seemed to be in good going order and to be working to capacity. Next door was a big new cotton mill, but we found a certain amount of resistance to our desire to see it; they implied that it was not yet in full working shape.

October 18.

Today we visited the cotton factory in the morning after application direct to the mayor. The cotton mill was only half-finished; on arrival we were introduced to the manager and to the two head consultants, one a German and one a Lancashire man.

The Lancashire man had erected machinery in Russia before the War, had married a Russian wife and had worked in the Caucasus area all through the revolutionary days. He had set going a big cotton mill in Baku, and said that the worst years were '21 and '22, when they lived mostly on nuts. For him, he said, the situation had improved progressively; every month his coöperative stocked one or two more items. He had, he said, a decent flat, clothes and food for himself and family; he had trained the manager and working staff, and had 450 workers in his training school at the moment.

He was very careful indeed to give the manager a feeling that he was not giving away any state secrets, but at the same time was very frank about the general position and very proud of his new factory. There was not, he said, in the whole world a factory to compare with it for light, airiness and space between the machinery, nor did he think there was such ample equipment for the welfare of the workers anywhere in England or America. There were at present 3,000 workers attached to the mill, but a number of them were away in the fields harvesting cotton at the moment. The factory was planned to employ 6,000 workers; in the spinning department one man worked two machines controlling 880 spindles; in another section there were twenty-four machines to one man; they worked a seven-hour day and were producing 12,000 kilograms a day.

I asked him what would happen to Lancashire if they went ahead at this rate. His answer was, "Lancashire needn't worry. It takes me two years," he added, "to train a man who will be competent enough to handle the machinery for turning out the lowest grade of cotton cloth, and then he is only 50-percent efficient, but it will be a hundred years before they have enough skilled workmen to handle the more complicated machinery for turning out quality goods."

I asked him what happened when they had trouble with their labor. "We never have any," he said. "I will introduce you to the man on my staff who is responsible for all questions and problems relating to labor, and he will tell you what happens. We are, of course, from the head man to the lowest-paid worker, all on a piece-work rate, and our pay is governed by the output of the factory. But there are two dining rooms where everyone eats his midday meal. In the one a three-course lunch is served, in the other black bread and soup. Any man whose work falls below the norm established for his special job is given a ticket for the bread-and-soup lunch. It is the ambition of everyone to have a three-course lunch, and so we have no labor troubles."

The feeling that one went away with was quite definitely that the mill belonged to the workers and staff, and reflected their pride of membership in it. We were shown the *crèche* where the women workers left their small babies. Two nurses were on duty there. Looking round the corner we found that elaborate lavatory equipment of a Western pattern had apparently been sent in from Moscow. The workers' infants, however, not being accustomed to the luxury of a commode, had utilized the floor immediately in front of each little seat instead. This was being attended to just at the moment when we paid our surprise visit.

In the afternoon we were driven out through beautiful upland country, with well watered vineyards on either side of the road, to a stock-breeding institute. The staff of specialists seemed to be enthusiastic about their work, and both institute and cow barns were being kept in good condition.

This institute lay at the foot of the Southern Caucasus range of mountains and looked over a deep gorge to a wine coöperative and village. Here we were entertained very hospitably for the rest of the evening, at first in the cellars of the coöperative and later in the home of one of the leading citizens. The village was colonized by German peasants in 1800, and had possessed 550 hectares of vineyard, but had given away 100 to the breeding station. There were 507 families in the village, which had been collectivized in 1930, but decollectivized the same year within two months of opening. At present only nineteen families remained in the collective. The rest were working as individual families in their own vineyards, but all were selling their wine through the coöperative as of old.

Many of the families had built up such high standards of living and cultivation that they had been able in the past to employ laboring men and women in house and field. When, through collectivization, they found themselves compelled to work in one another's vineyards, and to regard their own servants as of equal status, they asked the So-

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viet authorities to send a delegation to the village to discuss the situation. The women gathered outside the village hall during the consultation and broke all the windows with stones while their children beat up the children of any family that favored Communism.

The government allowed the collective to be dissolved, but compelled seventeen of the leading families, whom they dubbed kulaks, to take up smaller homes or go into lodgings; seven were exiled to Siberia. There was therefore still a state of extreme tension, and although one of the leaders, a German, had joined the Communist party and had been put in as mayor of the village, no one knew from day to day what the position of the village would be tomorrow.

It may have been that their valuable contribution of quality wine, under contract to the state, had freed this village for the time being from any effort to digest it more thoroughly into the Soviet system. The very attempt upon the part of the village to remain a German island in the middle of Russia, an attempt that had won them in the past a high standard of living and culture, must inevitably turn it into a target and an obstacle to a system that is sweeping all before it into uniformity.

October 21.

We spent all day trying to find a car that could take us over the Southern Caucasus to Erivan. There was one car, they said, that might have been available, but it was somewhere between Vladikavkas and Tiflis, and anyhow it might not be able to go.

The night before, however, there had arrived at the hotel two American girls and one English woman whom we had met at Drusag the night we left, and who had motored down from Moscow in a new-model, eight-cylinder Ford. No sooner had they reached the hotel than two men arrived and asked Mrs. X——, the English woman, for her signature. On receiving it they told her that a decree had been passed in Moscow to the effect that she should leave Russia within forty-eight hours. After a long argument with the G.P.U., who offered her a sumptuous dinner if she would go quietly and would leave their territory peacefully with an escort, she decided to leave for Moscow, and departed. Her two friends were rewarded by the police for the loss of their interpreter with a present of a number of boxes of the kind of cigarettes that one can buy only at Torgsin with valuta.

Having suggested that their car was exactly the vehicle we were looking for, Miss P—— approached them with the offer of an interpreter and the suggestion of a trip to Erivan, provided they could take all four of us with them. The price of our journey is to be a new spring for the recently broken one on the car. The German Consul says there should be no difficulty over our accompanying the two girls in spite of the trouble over Mrs. X——, who had told me on our first meeting that she expected her dismissal any day, since it was six months ago that she had written an article which she knew would inevitably bring the order for her departure from the country.

We had hoped to set off at 9 o'clock in the morning, and time and again wondered whether we should ever get away, or be prevented at the last minute—but by one o'clock we were all packed in with our baggage, and with cheers from the crowd we set off, Miss L—— driving; two Americans and one Englishman in front, three Germans behind, baggage and cameras stowed under our legs.

As we climbed out onto the upland plain with the peaks of the Southern Caucasus rising in the distance, we passed a colony of Tartars traveling by slow stages with their flocks and covered wagons from their summer quarters high up on the hill pastures down to the village where they winter. We climbed up and up until we were shut in on both sides by rapidly rising hills. The road ceased at last to be anything more than a stony track, and it was impossible to avoid all the boulders. One particularly vicious one punctured our back tire. It was growing dusk and, as luck would have it, we found that Mr. Ford's jack would not work; in the midst of our struggles there came down the road to meet us a truckload of Russian soldiers. We hailed them and asked for the loan of their jack; eight men jumped off the truck, one gathered a large and a small stone from the roadside and got them into position under the rear axle—at a word from him the other seven caught hold of the car by the back mudguard and, turning their backs to the car, heaved upwards; the rocks were propped into place by the soldier underneath, and within less than five minutes the truck was on its way, having demonstrated to us the new mechanical-mindedness of the Russian peasant soldier.

It was brilliant starlight as we climbed farther up into the gorge, and on the advice of some shepherds sitting around their evening fire, we climbed a little stony lane and found ourselves perched high up on a shoulder of the mountain in the village of Tumanis. Here a kind Georgian peasant and his wife offered us lodging in the first farmhouse we came to; they cleared half the family out of one room and squeezed themselves into the other, leaving us with three wooden bedsteads and some bedding for the six of us.

As we descended the further side of the pass, the open upland plain spread out in front of us and signs of the army maneuvers were obvious in the distance. We should have had a pass, but apparently the G.P.U. had made everything easy, and we carried on without any trouble for some miles. Suddenly a soldier on sentry duty stepped into the middle of the road and held up his hand. What did he want? we asked. "I want to look at your car," he said. "Is it a new-model Ford? May I look under the hood?" He lifted the hood and then put it down with a look of disappointment. "Eight cylinders," he said, "but everything else just

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the same. You can carry on." Just at that moment an officer rode up and asked us with some vigor why we were stopping, since, he said, "you know very well that civilian cars are not allowed to stop in the maneuver area." We referred him to the soldier and, as he motioned us on, we heard him giving this mechanically minded peasant boy a piece of his military mind.

Erivan—October 23.

Shortage of air prevents me from zipping up completely inside my supposedly bugproof pajamas and shortage of bathing facilities and water supplies makes it difficult for Russia to achieve independence of body parasites. Through the small aperture I had to leave undone, crept in, the first night, three and a half brace of bugs, one brace sizable fleas and one-half brace body lice.

We visited the Pasture Research Institute, which is the headquarters for a survey of the natural fodder plants of the region. They showed us a new early-maturing sweet clover that they have recently found 2,000 meters up, which gives plenty of leaf in its second year. They also showed us a wild oat that grows high up and, though of little use as grain, is quite good cut green for fodder, and which resists even a severe drought like the one this year.

For the second year they have sent out an expedition to find a wild rubber plant in Armenia and Azerbaijan. They have already found a member of the Compositae family which yields rubber but which is not so good as a Central Asiatic variety they know of. If they make no discovery on this expedition, they intend to develop the Central Asiatic variety.

October 29.

Today we visited the headquarters of the tea-growing industry in Russia and the tea sovhoz. Here the Romanovs founded a state farm in 1895, but the whole was destroyed during the War and nothing was done during the Menshevik regime. Now this farm supplies seed for all new plantations in the area, carries out seed control and the testing of imported varieties. The nursery and seed-growing area are expected to cover 1,200 acres by the end of the Second Five Year Plan. All the tea grown is China tea of a hardy variety. Indian tea gives only a poor harvest.

We visited the Research Institute, to which Dr. Harold Mann is attached as permanent adviser. He was due the next day from England for his short annual visit. "What will he say when he sees all these weeds?" I asked, knowing something of Dr. Mann's standards in India. "He will not like them at all," they answered. "He does not approve of weeds."

In the Batum area there are 27,000 hectares of tea, including 1,300 of old plantations. Full harvest will give 2,500,000 kilograms of green tea, 25 percent of which in weight will be the final crop. One hundred thousand hectares will, they say, give Russia all the tea she wants. She used to import from China and India, but after the trouble in the East developed she decided to sacrifice part of her first Five Year Plan in order to become self-sufficient in tea at the earliest possible date.

We walked on to the headquarters of a village kolhoz. Our guide knew the committee and the members well and they talked very freely. For the first time we experienced a feeling of what a kolhoz can really mean when it has enrolled the whole of a village community and when all are in agreement over policy and leadership. Being concerned almost wholly with garden crops, the problems of stock and machinery breakdown that face the big grain kolhoz do not arise.

Our coöperative store, the peasants said, is a poor coöp. Why? I asked. Because, they said, we elected the wrong man to manage it this year. Our old manager was better and we shall elect a better man at the next election. But our chairman is good. We have elected this man (pointing to our host) three years running. We used to be miserably poor, but we are living much better now. Of our sixty families, twenty-five keep a cow. This year we expect to earn six rubles for every work day as well as three kilos of meal at the state price. Actually we have less land than we used to have, but what we have we cultivate better.

They were a charming and enthusiastic group of peasants, and struck us as being perfectly frank. We tasted their grapes, tried out their scythes and read their monthly journal, which was one foolscap sheet printed on both sides, with pictures of the best brigade workers, a notice that the thief of such and such a day had not yet been discovered, etc.

November 1.

I was seized today with an intense longing to escape the country, chiefly perhaps because of the uncertainty of life, of the watching and the spying and the suffering. Just as in the army one always felt that at any moment a wholly unreasoning force might suddenly exert itself in a wholly unintelligent way and wreck all plans and all hopes with them, so here one wonders what the next moment will bring and especially whether one will even escape or by some chance mistake be landed at the other end of Russia. I am still uncertain as to whether my passport is sufficiently in order to allow my leaving the country.

Had a long discussion today with an American engineer who was for a time engaged on work for the General Electric Company and who comes back every year now to see how the situation is developing. This is what he said:

"The whole of the U.S.S.R. is a colossal and a fascinating experiment and deserves to be left alone to work itself through without meddling from abroad. . . . The general idea, coöperation of peasant and factory worker to raise the standard of life from the bottom, is hard not to approve of

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and I have watched with keen interest the genuine progress made each year in the field of industry. . . . Yes, they will starve this winter and probably next year, but will they be worse off than often in the past?"

If one could collect all the suffering that was spread over the three and four hundred years that England took for the enclosure of the strips and cram it into three short years—adding the final tragedies of the Industrial Revolution when crofters were crowded off the common and into back-to-back, front-to-front tenements, their children ground down with sweated labor in mine and factory—where would the balance lie?

November 7.

The incredible has happened, and I write unable yet to believe that escape is a reality. I am on board a clean little Italian cargo boat that can take twelve passengers. Clean water flows in the cabin into a clean basin and the efficiency of normal life surrounds us. The lavatory works.

Perhaps it is the irregularity of our life, perhaps the haste of our travels, or perhaps the anxiety, that has sapped physical strength and jaundiced the point of view. But the idea of never being able to escape became an obsession towards the end of our trip.

A revolution is after all a revolution, and the chance visitor has no basis of comparison to tell him whether the present regime is any worse or better for workmen and peasants than that of the Tsar. But for those who have had no experience of such an existence before, it is not one I think that anyone would choose in the West without much counting of the cost. For Russia is in a vise, and it is never going to be easy for any force from outside or within to release the grip within which the revolution is being carried through. Recognition by America, a more intelligent attitude on the part of other countries, might do much to release the pressure that the government apparently in all honesty feels it must exert in the face of possible attack from abroad. L. K. E.

We Do Our Part

Or, Nuts, Raspberries and Apple Sauce

Happy City Gone Haywire

THE TRAIN was twenty minutes from its destination. The porter was tired; he was brushing coats and dusting off shoes. It had been a run of two days and one night from Chicago. He was overworked but dared not complain; there were too many waiting to take his job. I was startled by hearing the woman he was brushing off say, "Have you change for a quarter, porter?" This was the first sign of the Western depression—a dime instead of a dollar, which at one time was the least that could be given for a trip of that length.

I had looked forward to my arrival in this city of the West, for I had been there many years before and remembered it as a happy city. But as I drove through the streets, which were rather dirty, I noticed there was an air of futility and despair. Very few N.R.A. signs hung in the windows. People were talking to themselves. I noticed how many were alone. I remarked this to my host and he said, "Yes, no one trusts anybody—those who talk to themselves are potential suicides. We have a suicide almost every day—some well known person." I asked why and he replied, "They see no hope." I said, "Why don't they coöperate? Why not give the N.R.A. a chance?" and he answered, "They took Technocracy seriously; it failed them. Why try anything else?"

The street cars were crowded. I asked where all the people were going. There was a sale at the largest department store and anybody was given a free ride there and back. We went into the store. I was amazed how few were buying. They were just looking, or were eating picnic lunches in the waiting rooms. It was a free ride and a holiday. The store was like a museum to them. They wanted to see what people outside the depression were wearing. They all seemed a little bitter.

The one happy man on the street was a fat man filling a Model T Ford. He was a garbage inspector, dressed in the khaki livery of the city. We stopped and I was introduced. He was a Harvard graduate of 1923. Yes, he liked his job. It was better than trying to sell real estate. He was outdoors all the time. Of course, his family were ashamed, but after all, when the revolution came he would be on the right side. This was the first time I heard anyone speak of a revolution.

The automobiles were old and shabby—people drove jerkily and cursed one another. It was a city on edge. We were driving through a part of town that was zoned for residences and very exclusive. There was furniture on the sidewalk—an exclamation from my host. "Another eviction; that man's father was one of our wealthiest citizens, and I always thought he was too wise to get caught. I wonder what will happen to him. He is too proud to be on the city." In the afternoon papers we read of his death in his office. The newspapers ascribed his suicide to "overwork and fatigue."

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Everyone in the formerly wealthy classes was talking secession. The opinion is that if, by some fluke, Roosevelt and the "brain trust" should happen to put the N.R.A. over, the West will secede. They have gone back to the policy of their grandfathers before the Civil War. In three generations they had built up confidence in the East. They sent their children there to be educated. They imitated it with their little-theatre groups and their Junior Leagues. They felt they were a part of the great Stock Exchange. They were a part of Wall Street and, because it failed them, they feel that all this time the East has been thumbing its nose at them. The small city capitalist can't take it and squeals for secession. The miner and farmer have been having depression too long not to know how to take it and fight.

A little girl of nine years came up to me and sold me a newspaper. "Say, do you know that the N.R.A. means Nuts, Raspberries and Apple Sauce?"

The N.R.A. over the Tea Cups

Five women sitting in a small select house in a "refined" neighborhood. The room has overstuffed furniture and a beautiful Chinese rug. The furniture is arranged around the edge of the rug and a fire is burning cheerfully in the small fireplace overloaded with highly polished brass fixtures. A correct silver tea service is arranged on a reproduction of a Duncan Phyfe tea table, with trays of sandwiches and cakes, sandwiches made from new recipes out of the women's periodical advertisements published but two days ago. Triumph lurks in the hostess's eye—a real coup.

Four of the women, all with heavily gummed permanent waves, waves in undulating rims, knit bouclé dresses on large hoop needles. On the third finger of each hand is a diamond-circle wedding ring replacing the gold or platinum original of fifteen years before, the one-and-a-half to two-and-a-half-carat engagement rings having been reset in platinum to match. Crossword-puzzle contests are the most exciting topic of conversation. Contests in the local papers.

All four were working them because it was so thrilling to Tom, Dick, Harry or Ed, respective husbands, all being so busy these days, and it was such fun to have a crossword puzzle all finished to show him when he did get home. It was such a surprise. These women were products of finishing schools and Eastern colleges. They met with the idea of mending their husbands' socks, but they were knitting bouclé dresses on hoop needles for themselves. They talked of the Lindbergh case as though it were but yesterday. Munching over every detail, each with her own solution, probably expressed at every previous meeting of the year.

I ventured to ask, as two hours had already elapsed, what of the N.R.A.? One said, "What do you mean—what of it? I'll tell you that nobody is going to tell me where to buy. What do I care if I get things cheaper whether there is an old blue eagle in the window, and besides, whether it is cheaper or not, it is a nuisance to find new tradesmen. I told my butcher why should he bother with joining anyway." The second woman said, "Well, I signed because I felt so sorry for the person at the door, but I hid the sign because I knew Ed would be sore, for he says it will fail and I would hate to feel he had anything to do with anything that failed." The third woman said, "I don't know what the country is coming to when they come right into our homes and tell us what to do. This child-labor business; well, I am not going to give up Minnie. Of course she is young, but very quick and, why gracious, she supports her mother and father and six brothers and sisters. They would starve unless she worked, because they can't get jobs. Shiftless, I guess. Of course I cut her to $2 a week—from $3—but she knew times were hard and was glad to keep the job. If times get any harder I will have to cut her to $1.50, I guess.—Have you seen our new car? Harry thought it his duty to buy it; he believes in backing up the government. 'Buy until it hurts,' whether he believes it or not. Yes, I signed the N.R.A. In fact, we have one blue eagle on the front window and one on the car." The fourth woman said: "We have always been Democrats, but we can't understand what has happened. The brain trust are not all to be trusted. They are just a lot of men, Tom says, who have been planning this for years and have taken advantage of Roosevelt. Each one has a different idea. It's sort of like the French Court. They say Marie Antoinette would listen to anyone. Of course Tom put the eagle up in his office, for he is a party man, and once a party man you should believe in your party and President. Well, I must run along—maid's night out. My, I have eaten a lot of tea and those delicious cakes! I guess I won't cook much supper, I am so full. Tom is good-natured about that." I was the fifth woman; I had asked the question. The women who were knitting bouclé suits on hoop needles rose, with a sigh, for it was the end of such a lovely afternoon.

As I was leaving, the husband of my hostess came up the steps. "Hen party, huh! Hello, girls! Say, I have a new one. What does N.R.A. stand for? Don't know? Huh! Sure 'nough? Nuts, Raspberries and Apple Sauce! Cute, huh? Who do you suppose thinks things up like that?"

Blue Eagle Fricassee

A dinner party; canapés—wee sausages in swaddling clothes of bacon—caviar resting in nests of imported crackers—cocktails, great flashing cocktail shakers—not flowers from the garden but florists' cultivated flowers. Gowns designed originally across land and water by Vionnet and other French creators. The inferior material was not what the designers would have used, but the

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wearers had all paid three times as much as the gowns were worth in local department stores because of a little French label. They lived by standards, and labels were the foundations of their standards—or had been until the label of the blue eagle had spread its great menacing wings across their horizon. The guests were capitalists of this small, smug brick-housed city.

A third-generation city where the sap was running thin. Products of a civilization so imitative that it was all a pattern. A lawyer for the public utilities, large and overweight, with a fine forehead. A Yale graduate with a gentleness that expressed a soul, a soul buried in a landslide of convention and self-satisfaction in having made good and being somebody. He was explaining to me what was happening. "In the East you don't know this is a depression; that is why you accepted the N.R.A. But out here—banks closing, people in expensive homes being evicted. Of course a lot of unemployed, but high wages brought this about. The farmers' situation is their own fault—why, the state went Democratic the last election! Roosevelt has been in since March and what has he done, outside of posing for the newsreels and a few speeches? Lying down on the job, that's what." (I thought of my last visit to Washington and of the fatigue and strain on the faces of the executives.) I said one could not undo in nine months what three administrations had taken years to do. He answered, "Well, of course everyone is liable to make mistakes, but let those who make them rectify them. Look what a great, honest person Hoover is. He looked over a large project of public works that was to bear his name and did not approve of its engineering and so made them withdraw his name. Wow, what honesty!"

Dinner was over and a cordial was being served. A judge came over to me to say, "Did I hear you talking about N.R.A.?" I answered, "Yes, what is your opinion?" "Opinion, what opinion could there be but one? It is against the Constitution." "In what way?" He smiled, leaned over and kissed my hand and said, "Why bother your pretty head about such matters?" I said, "But it hasn't been condemned by the courts, and in my opinion the Constitution was an emergency measure—drawn up in circumstances very similar to these times. I believe there is a great elasticity that would cover just such situations." He laughed and said, "Oh, women in politics! Come and be my partner at bridge and leave the Constitution to the courts." "To hell with bridge; I hate it." He bowed low and said, "A curse word from your lips!" (He had been born in Virginia.)

I swished my velvet train à la Mae West and walked over to a group of men who were discussing the N.R.A. and the coming revolution, which was not seven days away. One man had even a small arsenal—a revolver and a rifle—he was prepared. They were a little vague as to who was revolting, but the cause of it all was the brain trust. I asked about labor and was waved aside by the remark, "You must favor the present government." More drinks were served. I wanted to know about the coal miners. Would the code be accepted? No direct answers. Well, there had always been strikes. There always would be.

The guests left. I felt how strange—the wealth of the city talking revolution at a lavish party with every luxury. I had left my cigarettes downstairs. I crept down to get them. As I passed my generous host's door I heard him talking to his wife. "They have threatened us with eviction next week. I don't know where to turn for help. What shall I do? It's all the God-damn N.R.A."

Upon returning to bed I lay awake a long time and thought, so it is really the capitalists who sow the seed of revolution. The last thing I heard was my host's wife saying, "Oh! go to sleep—Nuts, Raspberries and Apple Sauce."

ISOBEL STROTHER WALKER.

Washington Notes

The Rubber Dollar—Rough Sledding for the N.R.A.—Will the General Get Out from Under?—Farmers and Public Works

THE ATMOSPHERE here still reverberates with the shock of the President's new monetary policy embodied in his "gold purchase" plan, which he described in his radio address last week. I say shock because it was such, even more to the orthodox fiscal advisers of Mr. Roosevelt than to the general public. It seems that he worked out his plan without consulting any of the so-called sound-money advisers who surround him and without giving the slightest warning to Wall Street. In other words, no bankers were called in, an omission which, though unprecedented so far as I can recall, is certainly not unpopular.

For some days there was general confusion in both financial and political circles, and so wide a variety of interpretation that it seemed incredible for so many diffierent views to be held by men supposed to be competent in these matters. Now it seems to be realized that the primary purpose of the President is to control the dollar against foreign speculation and that he has taken an initial step toward stabilizing the dollar at a point to be determined later by the commodity price level at home. Further, it appears that the method he proposes is not unique but is essentially the same as that adopted by the British with their equalization fund when the pound went off gold, and by the French when, under Poincaré, they were attempting to stabilize the franc. The scheme still does not appeal to the sound-money members of the administration, who, however, have acquiesced and are going along.

The real operations, it now appears, are to be conducted by the Treasury officials and not by the R.F.C. This means, if reports are true, that they will be in the hands of men unsympathetic to the idea, and, as the whole business depends upon the wisdom and skill with which it is conducted, it seems to be a not wholly satisfactory set-up. In brief, there is a division of opinion in the administra-

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tion itself as to the soundness of this financial experiment. Moreover, this difference of opinion is not confined to the monetary policy; it is becoming evident elsewhere.

This fact threatens the general success of the program and is indicative of trouble ahead. Chiefly, the indications concern the N.R.A. It is no secret, for example—in fact it has appeared in print—that some of those closely connected with the White House believe that the N.R.A. activities have bogged down. Their contention is that, as a means toward a better social condition, the N.R.A. is of enormous value and has achieved real success, but, as an instrument for business recovery, it is a failure and cannot be accepted as anything else. They have expressed these views personally to the President, urging him to face the facts and, while holding hard to the advances made under the code, to throttle down the machine, with the ultimate idea of scrapping it.

It is said that Mr. Roosevelt was impressed by these opinions, but not persuaded. On the contrary, the day after one of his closest friends and advisers had spent an hour with him, arguing along these lines, the President approved and put into effect the highly controversial retail code, not, however, without making compromises and concessions to meet some of the objections raised by the men in charge of the Agricultural Administration Act. He moved still further a few days later, when an executive order was issued setting up machinery for the receipt of complaints that imports are hurting particular industries and are making it difficult for them to maintain the wage scale and hours of work to which they are committed by the codes.

These complaints are to be sent direct to the President and are to be investigated by the commission named, of which General Johnson is the head. It is made clear that, if this commission so recommends, the President will use the so-called tariff provisions of the Act, which give him broad powers to deal with the problem, even to the extreme point of laying embargoes. Thus, it would seem, there is no weakening upon the part of Mr. Roosevelt toward the N.R.A., no lessening of the determination of the administration to go ahead. Yet the fact is that, within the past two weeks, there has been a cessation of certain activities of the N.R.A.

Except for the movement against it from within, this would seem trivial, because the department was beginning to be cluttered up with a lot of dead wood which could be dispensed with to advantage, and for which the suave and persistent Mr. Farley was originally responsible. However, when it is coupled with the fact that General Johnson has again been indiscreetly talking to his newspaper friends in his hours of ease about "getting out" and that this report has promptly found its way into print, some significance should be given it.

There seems no doubt that the General does want to get out; he wishes to get back to his congenial association with Mr. Baruch, and into his recently redecorated private offices. Perhaps he should not be blamed for this because he, too, has a hard job, and it is getting harder. Certainly, he appears to have lost much of his earlier enthusiasm and seems a tired man now. One reason for this is that the General has no facility for delegating work and has tried to do too much of it himself. Another reason is that the promises he made in the name of the N.R.A. were much too specific and immediate and the expectations created by the too intense propaganda greater than could be fulfilled. Moreover, the incapacity of some of the subordinate commissions has frayed his nerves and left him at present in a rather dispirited condition. However, the understanding is that he intends to remain until after Congress convenes, in order to face the inevitable criticism and attack from that body. If this is so, no good purpose is served by the General's confidential conversations—which remain confidential about twenty minutes—with the small group of newspaper men with whom he relaxes, about "getting out."

These conversations naturally start reports concerning his successor. For instance, the one that ran around Washington last week was that the President had picked Jesse Jones, head of the R.F.C., for the Johnson job, but that when the suggestion was made to Jones, it frightened him nearly to death. The report may not be well based, but it is easy to understand the reasons for hard-boiled Jesse's alarm.

To him nothing could be less desirable. For instance, it is well understood that he is exceedingly ambitious to succeed Mr. Woodin as Secretary of the Treasury, if and when that musical-minded little business man retires. Of course, the chances are that Mr. Roosevelt will promote Under Secretary Dean Acheson if the vacancy occurs, but Mr. Jones is not without hope. But, barring that, he would infinitely prefer to remain where he is than take over responsibility for the N.R.A., with its incredible annoyances, its certainty to be under fire and the excellent chance that it may be pulled to pieces by Congress. Rather than take on that job, Jesse's friends tell me, he prefers to go back to Houston. The truth is that, if and when the General does "get out," Mr. Roosevelt will have a most difficult time filling his place. There would be, it is reasonable to suppose, an inevitable sag under a new and less colorful man. Johnson was peculiarly fitted for the place and it is not easy to think of an adequate substitute.

As for other administration activities—I have to report that the responsible heads of the A.A.A. are still deeply concerned over the plight of the farmers and the apparent inability to narrow the price spread between what the farmer has to sell and what he has to buy. The soothing radio words of the President had the effect for the time being of lessening the roars of discontent from the West, but there is every expectation that the protests will shortly be renewed, despite everything the administration can do and that, with the opening of Congress, the seriousness of the situation will be generally appreciated.

The discontent with the slowness of the public-works administration in putting out the money it has "allocated" still continues, and the unfortunate Mr. Ickes is under fire from a number of different directions. A good deal of the criticism of this official, in my judgment, is distinctly unjust, comes from those who do not understand the necessity for caution and the various details that must precede the awarding of contracts. In about thirty more days, I am told, a large number of pending projects will have passed

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these preliminary stages and the real expenditures will begin. Actually, the blame for inaction lies more at the doors of the cities and states than here at Washington. What most of them want is to get the government's money without any effort beyond that of making the application. That, of course, can't be done.

Washington. T. R. B.

Other People's Money

Plums for Presidents—What Santa Brought Mr. Wiggin—$5 Million in a Year —Indefatigable Dillon

THE Federal Trade Commission has sent out a questionnaire asking about two thousand corporations to report the sums paid as salaries to their executives. This will prove interesting and will, doubtless, disclose some rather shabby injustices to stockholders. However, it is not these salaries which constitute the heart of the problem at which the questionnaire is aimed. The sums paid directly and frankly to executives will not, save in a few cases, ever rise to menacing proportions. But innumerable devices have been invented, with the aid of our racketeering corporation laws, to enable these executives to draw from their corporations and other sources secretly, because of their official positions, vast sums of money beside which their salaries are insignificant.

I believe a very large number of salaries to be indefensible, from whatever point of view they are considered. But measured against the income of the community, the income of the individual enterprise and, most important, the income of the individual executive, they are not important. The truth about the matter is that, in such a large number of cases, the salary of the executive constitutes only a small part of his income. This, indeed, is where the major disease lies. Great numbers of these executives could afford to work without salary for their corporations for the privilege of capitalizing the opportunities for profit which they enjoy in their official capacities. After all, a $50,000 salary may seem to be a large sum, but an executive is not likely ever to become a millionaire on such a wage. The chief injury inflicted by these executives upon their corporations and indirectly upon society, is through the indirect forms of compensation and profit which they enjoy. I shrink from using an unpleasant description, but the Americans have a word for it.

Take the case of Mr. Albert H. Wiggin, former chairman of the board of the Chase National Bank. Mr. Wiggin received a salary which rose at one time—in 1931, the year he urged the reduction of workers' wages—to $250,000. In other years, when his salary was less, it was enhanced by bountiful bonuses. But after all, the unjust and thoroughly unearned salary of this man made but a small part of the profits he derived from the opportunities which his position as chairman of the bank gave him.

The least among these were the salaries he received from other companies which put him on their directorates and on their finance committees because of his position in the Chase Bank. Armour and Company gave him $40,000 a year and the B.M.T. gave him $20,000 a year. There were other such gratuities. But even these were minor matters. Mr. Wiggin had a little private corporation which he formed while he was head of the bank—a corporation whose stock belonged to him and the members of his immediate family—and which, with money borrowed from the bank, traded in the stock market, often in the bank's stock, and undoubtedly with the inside information which his position in the bank afforded him. In one year this corporation made a stock profit in the market of $5 million!

This, as you can easily see from a hasty calculation, will pay a good many salaries. It will, in fact, pay the salaries of the President of the United States and the members of his Cabinet; the salaries of the presidents of fifty of our leading universities, the salaries of all the Justices of the Supreme Court and of all the members of the United States Senate. And when all this has been done, there will still be enough left to pay the salaries of the superintendents of education in one hundred cities. This will still leave a sum sufficient to pay the humble wages of perhaps fifty of our railroad presidents.

There is a motor company, the name of which is well known, chiefly on the stock market. When the Trade Commission questionnaire is returned, it will probably reveal that the president of that company gets a salary of only $5,000 a year. However, he is far from being a worthy object for relief. His corporation is one of a group of perhaps half a dozen which belong to a holding company dominated by a very audacious young financial operator. A small corporation is or was maintained, belonging, I believe, to the executives of this group of corporations, for trading in the stocks of their companies in the stock market. And it is from this secret source that these executives collect their chief income.

Still another example is that of Mr. Clarence Dillon, of Dillon, Read and Company, and his Kennedy Company, described in this department last week. If a questionnaire had been sent to this concern while it was "managing" the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company, after Mr. Dillon's reorganization of it, it would have revealed that the president of the Goodyear Company—named by the Kennedy Company—received a salary of $50,000 a year. But the Kennedy Company got a management fee of $250,000 and 5 percent of the earnings. In the first year the Kennedy Company collected over $900,000.

The point I am driving at is that all this is possible because of two things: first, the secrecy in which corporate operations are shrouded, and second, our vicious corporation laws, which permit the use of innumerable devices for doing these things.

It is useless to hope for any change until our corporation laws are revised to serve industry and society instead of promoters and charlatans. And it is useless to hope for this until we have a national incorporation law. That should be the objective of the President if he hopes to deal with the heart of these abuses and not merely with some of their surface irritants.

JOHN T. FLYNN.

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Molière Kindergarten

The School for Husbands, Molière's comedy in an adaptation in rhyme by Arthur Guiterman and Lawrence Langner. Music composed and arranged by Edmond W. Rickett; lyrics by Arthur Guiterman. Empire Theatre, October 16, 1933.

ONE OF the great sentences in St. Paul is that in which, after saying that all flesh is not the same flesh, but there is one flesh of men, another flesh of beasts, another of fishes, another of birds, he says of the resurrection of the dead that it is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption. Molière is by a long shot not dead; but we can say of him that he survives resuscitation in what the Guild, by some subscriptional flight of fancy, calls "The School for Husbands." Which is to say, in sum, that even with this Guild version of his corpus, the evening is worthy.

We had best, then, review first what one sees on the Empire stage. It is one of the most agreeable evenings in the theatre so far this season. The entertainment consists of a story, or "intrigue," mingled with ballet. There are two brothers. They have each in charge a ward, the two sisters, Léonor and Isabelle, whom each in turn hopes to marry as well as educate. One of the brothers, dressed as the fashion prescribes, fine and costly, favors the theory of freedom, letting his ward and afterward his wife, whenever she chooses, have perfect freedom; the other keeps his ward shut up like a nun, though dressing her in lively costumes (I have a modest theory that Miss June Walker, as the star in the part, would have been willing to wear the drab clothes that Molière's Sganarelle, himself refusing to be in the fancy fashion, explicitly indicates for his ward, Isabelle). A young man named Valère loves Sganarelle's ward, Isabelle. There is to be a fête in honor of the Dauphin's birthday; among the maskers Valère appears. But Isabelle never gets to the fête. There is then an interlude which the program says comes from Molière's "Le Mariage Forcé" and records that Louis XIV himself danced in it (the King was young at the time the little piece was given at Versailles, not yet completed, but he was not so young as the notion of his ballet that we see).

We then have soliloquies by Sganarelle, about the problem of his age, can he cope with marriage? et cetera, and some amusing versions of philosophers and gypsies and so on, from whom he asks advice, also a dance of youth and love —in which Mr. Charles Weidman is most agreeable—and finally Sganarelle awaking from his dream, still set on marrying Isabelle, who finally thwarts him by pretending to be her sister going into Valère's house. Just as her sister returns from the fête, Isabelle emerges, safely married. The liberal brother is plighted to Léonor, and thus is Sganarelle, the narrow, suspicious and old, justly rewarded. Besides the dances and interludes, there have been also pleasing interpolations of songs.

In the production Mr. Osgood Perkins gives a good performance, much to his credit. The play often forces him to be not what Molière meant at all; but that is not Mr. Perkins' fault. I would suggest only one thing: that he study his cues in order that the fundamental meter of the rhyme form that Mr. Guiterman has written might be better preserved, and so increase the wit and pleasure. For example, where one character says to Sganarelle, "I meant all kindly," and he says, "I meant go to hell," the second "I" should be cut in, at the cue, as the second syllable of "kindly." A good many of these cue places occur where Mr. Perkins can easily mend the metrical game as the lines play it. In the Guild company there is also Miss June Walker's voice and use of it, very witty and disarming.

Miss Walker, Mr. Michael Bartlett, as Valère, Miss Joan Carr, as Léonor, should study their make-ups. They belong to an enameled world, these Molière young people, and should look it. These players' hands especially needed attention. The wrists and hands should be like porcelain for such Molière roles, the palms and between the fingers rouged like sea-shell. Such items accord with the surface unreality of the play. The whole scene of the carnival crowd needs a complete restudying, for make-ups, masks, ensemble and pretty much everything. We should note the smoothness of Mr. Langner's directing, in all but the ensembles; good ensembles at the Guild are rare.

Mr. Lee Simonson's setting is one of those permanent perspectives of the Louis XIV theatre and centuries before. It is prettily designed, though, for my part, I prefer the town square rendered straight, without that device of curtains at the sides rising to show the interiors of the two houses. Such a gain in pseudo-reality only helps throw out of gear the stage conventions elsewhere in the play. Mr. Simonson with the historical costumes did what he seems usually to do. Some of the ballet clothes were delightful; the colors in general were happy. But Mr. Simonson's familiar shortcoming consists in the fact that he cannot design so as to force the characteristic of the costume. That is to say—it was more true of his Elizabethan clothes in "Elizabeth the Queen"—such costumes lack under his hands all boldness and real style, their essentials go all soft. Shall we take one instance and let it serve to illustrate the point? On his very first page of the play, out of which this Guild occasion was prettily celophaned, Molière sets forth exactly the details of the dressy liberal brother, Ariste's, clothes: the blond, full wig, the small hat, the long collar, the short, tight doublet, the long sleeves, the full breeches (eight yards were needed to make a pair of breeches such as Ariste wore), the shoes trimmed all over with ribbons, and at the knees the canions, those rolls of starched linen adorned with lace, fastened below the knee, often so large that you had to spread out your legs as you walked. One item goes for all: this Ariste has two or three plain loops of ribbon at the side of each knee. That, perhaps, is not exactly an instance of what I mean, since the designer, of course, knows of the canions, and has chosen the other style, also to be found in that century. What I mean is something more elusive and subtle: one way of putting it is to say that Mr. Simonson's Ariste design, besides missing the Molière drama, misses the style-drama of a historical costume.

Mr. Guiterman's verses went easily and often wittily over the footlights. If the orchestra was somewhat reckless with Lulli and other music of the period, well, never mind. If Gilbert and Sullivan effects came rather often into the original compositions and revampings of the old during the evening, who cares? After all, we were not talking about Molière. I wish Miss Mae West had been in it.

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So much for a very pleasant evening at the Guild, at this their second production of their sixteenth season.

It occurs to me, however, that there must be people interested enough in Molière, if not readers of him, who would care to run over the play of "L'Ecole des Maris"—and a bit of its aura, shall we say—from which a part of the situation was drawn for this Guild evening, and toward which the producers, audience and doubtless some of the critics brought indulgence and condescension. It was even called a bagatelle. This was of course true to what we saw, which could more wisely have been called "A *Divertissement* Based on Some of Molière's Pieces." Where the Guild's responsibility in this matter stops, I cannot say. They certainly did a pretty evening about something or other, with ornaments of song, fête and diverse motivations hung upon an author whom nearly everyone in the audience had heard of.

"Molière is quite rifled, then how shall I write?" asked an English dramatist, exactly twenty years after the premiere of our very play. Etheredge, Wycherley, Durfey, Farquhar, Dryden, Congreve and every comedy writer in Britain borrowed and pillaged from Molière. Congreve gave him the most profound study; Dryden remodeled his comedy method because of Molière. Characters in Molière were not, as in the English tradition, seen in development during a play; Molière's characters were static. This was because, strictly drawn from life and then simplified to a type, they were based essentially on an idea. Our dramatists, hit and miss, went on nevertheless, with their efforts. Dryden, by diligence, tried to follow Molière's principle of developing a comic character from a central incongruity. In many respects one after another of these dramatists got from Molière what seemed handy; none of them, not even Congreve, ever learned, or, it may be, even quite perceived, that tone and integrity of a whole, through which best appear Molière's sum and supremacy. These British dramatists did, however, after all, have much in common with Molière, through their mere closeness to him in time. Since then we have gone a long way from him indeed. Is not this "bagatelle," then, of "The School for Husbands" due a few notations? If for no other reason, this might be done for the sake of certain backwoodsmen scattered over our country who may think, from something or other they read, that they have missed a distinguished production of a Molière play.

For instance, Molière begins his play with the two brothers talking together. This follows his technique of starting off with a statement of the idea, in terms of two contrasting characters. In "The School for Husbands" the design begun in the first scene is completed only in the last. (At the Guild we begin with pretty coquetry, kisses and so on from the servants, and after the refreshment of this bright haven, the brothers appear to set forth what the play is about. Goodbye, therefore, to old Molière's pattern, so perfect and profound.)

The addition of the ballet interlude, taken as announced (taken more or less) from "Le Mariage Forcé," and the scenes in which Mr. Osgood Perkins has to writhe about with regard to age, senility and marriage, well, the inclusion of these matters throws Molière's idea entirely out of whack. "The School for Husbands" is not about an old man determined to marry a young woman, a part of his defeat being his jealous and narrow treatment of her. On the contrary. Sganarelle's brother, Ariste, is twenty years older than he. Such a detail of years Molière adds to Ariste's liberal and generous nature, and his conformity to the fashions and ways of the world around him, in order to further the contrast through which the exposition is set forth and the play afterward developed. The pattern of the play we see, therefore, and the idea on which it is grounded, are both wrecked. *"Et je le donne tout au diable de bon coeur,"* as Sganarelle would say.

"Le dénouement de 'L'Ecole des Maris,'" the great Voltaire said, after showing how little Molière owed to the "Adelphi" of Terence, *"est le meilleur de toutes les pièces de Molière."* What is more, Voltaire goes on to say, Terence's style is pure, sententious, but, what Caesar reproached him for, a little cold. Molière's diction is almost as pure as that of Terence, and he leaves Terence far behind *"dans l'intrigue, dans le caractère, dans le dénouement, dans*—the mirth or comedy that envelops and pervades the whole—*"la plaisanterie."*

In "The School for Husbands" we have the first play in which Molière came into his own, with regard both to the expression of himself—it was written the year before he married, at forty, Armande Béjart at sixteen—and to that habit that he followed from then on, of studying at first-hand as dramatic material his own self, balanced, within the play that he writes, into the two elements of feeling and contemplation: a poignant revelation of himself seen in the sane scale of human society. Boileau's final word for Molière was *contemplateur.*

The idea of the education of girls made bold and, for that day especially, very strong matter for "The School for Husbands." The basic idea beneath this one of education is far more profound, however, and is as true now as then; its depth and tenderness connect it with Molière's gift for detachment and his own suffering. Without loss in either mirth or movement and holding on to as much of the older "intrigue" pattern as, considering his public, seemed prudent, Molière, nevertheless, completely expressed his idea. Molière had a quality different from Corneille, Boileau, Racine and La Fontaine; he was a philosopher in both theory and practice, Voltaire said, who also gave "The School for Husbands" credit for having established Molière's reputation forever; without writing another play, he might have passed for an excellent author of comedy.

There is also, of course, to grace this play with style and dignity, Molière's verse:

> *L'un et l'autre excès choque, et tout homme bien sage*
> *Doit faire des habits ainsi que du langage,*

or

> *Mais je tiens qu'il est mal, sur quoi que l'on se fonde,*
> *De fuir obstinément ce que suit tout le monde.*

The Sganarelle of "The School for Husbands" is usually taken to be, up till then, the creation of the first man in French comedy. And, technically, in this play, Molière departed from the five-act form, hitherto common to both tragic and comic drama, and used the three-act form that ever since has seemed most fitting for comedy.

It is somewhat obvious that producing Molière in English and today is a huge order. But there can be no harm

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in pointing out some of the aspects of a dramatist and a play to which the Theatre Guild has, in a vein of indulgence and pleasant liveliness, called its audiences' attention. STARK YOUNG.

Labor and the N. R. A.

TO MANY workers the right of collective bargaining, which the Recovery Act was to have conferred upon them, is denied by force of murder and mayhem. During the past few months nearly two hundred strikers have been shot down and at least fifteen have been killed by police, company guards, vigilantes and the like. This is to say nothing, of course, of the thousands who have been terrorized, tear-gassed and beaten up with riot sticks. The total casualty list from shootings is undoubtedly larger than the figure indicated above, since this was merely compiled from newspaper reports, which are in all probability incomplete. Even as it stands, however, it reflects an amazing condition of widespread and sustained violence. The record of shootings (as summarized below) suggests, moreover, that the tendency toward the use of force on the part of employers is definitely on the increase. Month by month since August the more violent outbreaks were as follows:

AUGUST

Fayette County, Pennsylvania.—One man was killed and eighteen others were wounded, three of them critically, when deputies of the H. C. Frick Coke Company (a subsidiary of the United States Steel Corporation) fired into a line of pickets. Seven other men were wounded in the same locality a few days earlier under practically the same circumstances.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.—Two men were killed and eighteen wounded when two hundred police battled with several thousand striking hosiery workers at the Cambria Silk Hosiery Mills.

SEPTEMBER

South Carver, Massachusetts.—One man was wounded in the strike of pickers in the cranberry fields of this region.

Scranton, Pennsylvania.—One man was shot, many were hurt, in a clash between striking anthracite miners and deputies.

Fayette County, Pennsylvania.—Fifteen strikers were shot at the Gates mine of the H. C. Frick Coke Company. On the day following this battle another picket was wounded by a bullet.

OCTOBER

Mount Pleasant, Pennsylvania.—A striking miner was shot and killed in a dispute between pickets and strike breakers.

Sullivan, Indiana.—One man was killed, while picketing, when a truck loaded with strike breakers was run through a line of pickets.

Ambridge, Pennsylvania.—One man was killed, at least sixteen were wounded, when two hundred deputy sheriffs fired on pickets at the plant of the Spang-Chalfant Seamless Tube Company.

Harrisburg, Illinois.—Sixteen miners were wounded in a fight between pickets (members of the Progressive Miners of America) and working miners (members of the United Mine Workers).

Tulare County, California.—Six strikers were killed and more than a dozen were wounded when ranch owners and deputies fired upon meetings of cotton strikers.

Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania.—One striker was wounded when a mine guard fired from a colliery of the Hudson Coal Company into a line of pickets surrounding the mine.

Springfield, Illinois.—One man was shot and killed as he and 15,000 fellow pickets paraded in the state capital.

East Paterson, New Jersey.—Two men were wounded critically, and a dozen others injured, in a battle between fifty policemen and five hundred striking silk dyers.

The code for the retail food and drug trade, which the President signed last week, is probably the most important in the entire N.R.A. program in that it affects by far the largest group of workers—some four to five million store employees. Thus its possibilities for increasing employment and purchasing power would seem much greater than those of any other single code. It is doubtful, however, whether it will produce any appreciable gains along these lines except, possibly, among the very worst exploited clerks. This is particularly true in the drug field, where a working week of fifty-six hours has been permitted; for pharmacists, in fact, the hours are 10 percent longer—roughly sixty-two per week. Minimum wages are fixed on a sliding scale of $10 to $16 per week, depending on the size of the city. For the retail trade proper, hours are somewhat lower—the maximum is forty-eight; minimum pay is also lower, ranging from $9 to $15. In addition, employees may be worked an extra eight hours for five weeks during the peak seasons each year—that is, a maximum working week of fifty-six hours is permitted. No payment for overtime is required.

The terms of the drug code, it is interesting to note, are more favorable to employers than those which the druggists themselves asked for when they submitted their code last August. The original code (which was presented by the National Association of Retail Druggists) provided for a fifty-six-hour week for pharmacists (as against the present sixty-two) and also provided for payment of time and one-third for overtime. And the suggested minimum weekly wage for the South was $12, as against the approved $10.

N.R.A. briefs: 3,000 employees of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company's plant at Springfield, Massachusetts, have won recognition of their union (a federal union recently organized by the A.F. of L.), after a strike lasting several weeks. The strike was settled by the National Labor Board; the employers have agreed to take back the strikers without discrimination and to bargain collectively with the union on the matter of increased pay. . . . After striking for eight weeks, 5,000 shoe workers in the metropolitan area of New York have won increases in pay as well as a reduction in hours of labor. It is expected that the shorter working week—forty hours—will create jobs for about 1,000 unemployed shoe workers. Only members of the Boot and Shoe Workers' Union (A.F. of L. affiliate) will be employed. . . .

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The settlement of the strike of 8,000 jewelry workers in New York City provides for a thirty-five-hour week (reduced from forty-four) and an increased wage scale ranging from seventy cents to $1.25 an hour.

CORRESPONDENCE

A Murrain on Mr. Krutch

SIR: In the October 18 issue of The Nation, Joseph Wood Krutch tells us how silly it is to dilute our art with the desire for a better world. The artist, he says, shouldn't try to prevent calamities. "Calamities happen, but calamities furnish the material out of which tragedies are written, and the contemplation of tragedy is one of the purest, one of the most human, joys there is."

I admire Mr. Krutch as a writer. I trust that he will live to experience the purest and most human joys that exist. I therefore devoutly pray that he will be smitten with sore boils from the sole of his foot to his crown. I pray that the Sabeans fall upon him and slay his servants with the edge of the sword, and steal the five hundred she-asses that bray in his stable. In a word, I pray that he suffer all the calamities of Job in order that he may contemplate them at first hand and become greatly and humanly happy.

But maybe he wants the calamities to fall on somebody else, so that he can contemplate them from a comfortable distance. Maybe he calls that Art. We used to call it malice.

DAVID EMPSEY.

Los Angeles, Calif.

White Collar Jobs—$9.83 per Week

SIR: The Temporary Emergency Relief Administration of New York is asking several thousand professional men and women on its pay rolls to be "realistic" about the financial difficulties of the state and to accept without demur a weekly pay, based allegedly on "budget needs," of $9.83 for single persons, $11.18 for a man and wife, and $14.64 for a family with two children.

At a recent hearing before Alfred Schoellkopf and the executive board of the T.E.R.A., a delegation from these white-collar employees was informed that a "realistic" budget, based upon "standard state budgets," allowed for a man and his wife $10.51 a month for rent and heat, twenty-five cents a week for light and cooking gas, sixty cents a week for carfare, forty-five cents a week for household and miscellaneous, $2.50 for clothing and $4.90 for food.

When the delegation pointed out that heated rooms at $10.51 a month were nonexistent in New York City; that the Edison Company charges a minimum rate of $1 a month for electricity so that the "light and cook-gas allowances" would not even turn on the electricity; and that sixty cents carfare a week permitted fare only for the wage earner on the days he worked, keeping the rest of the family imprisoned at home, the T.E.R.A. Board again asked the delegation "to appreciate the state's difficulties." The state simply lacked funds. Therefore the homes of thousands of white-collar and professional workers must be broken up, thousands reduced to the rock-bottom of slum conditions and thousands put on a slow-starvation ration.

These T.E.R.A. employees include teachers, dentists, physicians, architects, artists, musicians, engineers, chemists, photographers, research workers, social workers, statisticians and almost every other type of professional and white-collar worker. Assigned to the various state departments, some universities, settlement houses, and a few semi-private social organizations such as the Welfare Council and the Social Service Exchange, they have been doing useful and in most cases essential work, of a high professional nature, at $12 to $24 a week, with $30 and $36 rates for supervisors.

It has been admitted to these employees that this is miserably low pay for the work demanded of them. In office after office of the New York State Building, of the Russell Sage Foundation Building, in the settlement houses, in the schools and in the social-service agencies they are doing the work performed formerly by civil-service or regular employees at two or three times the pay.

Women, for instance, work in two shifts at the Social Service Exchange—one shift from 4:15 P. M. till midnight, works at top speed five days a week for $12. The Central Registration Bureau, where homeless men are registered, is manned by T.E.R.A. social workers. T.E.R.A. statisticians compile essential statistics of the state in half a dozen state departments. In the Welfare Council and other social agencies emergency workers do essential research and investigation. Newspaper men on the T.E.R.A. pay rolls write speeches for officials and do publicity for state departments. When 250,000 people in New York City enroll for the adult education courses, the work done by 700 teachers at $15 a week can hardly be called occupational therapy. Half the typists in any number of offices in the state buildings are emergency workers.

As such, these workers are denied the rights of the regular employees; they labor under trying conditions, are subjected to grueling monthly investigations into the most personal details of their lives, are informed they are not workers but "relief clientele," are put on a "budget of needs," which means starvation pay—but are yet expected to turn out work of impeccable accuracy and high skill.

At a hearing between the delegates of the T.E.R.A. Employees' Association and William Hodson, director of the Welfare Council, one of the executives of the T.E.R.A., Mr. Hodson intimated that heretofore relief in New York State was rather unsystematized; but now that the federal government was stepping in, "we had to look at the relief problem as a whole." This meant, he indicated, that all relief, whether work or home relief, would be put on the same low level; and that, as far as he could see, it would mean ultimately "coming down to food-basket relief."

Since the pay given white-collar emergency workers inevitably hammers down the pay standards of all white-collar workers in our various fields of employment, the T.E.R.A. Employees' Association calls upon all white-collar and professional groups and individuals to support us by protests and expressions of public opinion, in our fight against the cuts and the degrading conditions under which we work.

PAUL PETERS, Director, Publicity Committee,
T.E.R.A. Employees' Association.

New York City.

Aren't We All?

SIR: Concerning book reviews.
The English language.

Is Gertrude Stein insane, or is she the only one of us of all of us of us all who is sane sane not insane? Is she is she is she or am I am I am I?

New York City. WILLIAM FLOYD.

Extracts from Letters

DANIEL S. MARGOLIES, casting director of the Workers' Theatre of People's House, 7 East Fifteenth Street, New York City, wishes to get in touch with young people interested in acting or production. He may be reached at the above address.

Herbert W. Haldenstein, an attorney of New York City, writes in to correct an error which Mr. Flynn has, according to Mr. Haldenstein, made twice recently in his column, "Other People's Money." Our correspondent accuses Mr. Flynn of stating in substance that the New York Stock Exchange proposed to move its activities to New Jersey because New York City proposed to tax stock transfers. "I had understood," writes Mr. Haldenstein, "that in addition to the proposed stock-transfer tax, New York City also proposed to tax the income of stock brokers. If it be the fact that the proposed taxes were not only on stock transfers, but also on income, it is indeed inaccurate and unfair to attribute the proposed removal of the Stock Exchange to the threatened imposition of the less burdensome of the two taxes."

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

To a Revolutionary Critic[1]

DEAR GRANVILLE HICKS: I feel too strongly about your book, "The Great Tradition," to write an impersonal review of it; the author and the critic have too much in common. Both of us believe that the central feature of modern life is a struggle between classes which is also a struggle of the working class against all forms of exploitation. Both of us believe that the battle extends to every front, even the literary front. We don't regard literature as a mere department of politics: that would be silly. But both of us are convinced that literature and politics, art, science and education, all are departments of life, and that no artist or writer can divest himself of his role in life. He takes, or eventually will be forced to take, one side or the other, and both of us have made the same choice.

This doesn't at all mean that we agree on every subject. There is room on our side for many shades of belief, and it seems to me that your own shade is too sanguine. You face the future with entire confidence, saying that "even in the days of stress, revolutionary writers will have a kind of courage that others cannot share. . . . They will know that they are participating in a battle that, in the long run, is for civilization itself, and they will have no doubt of the outcome." A football coach might talk like this at a pep-rally on the evening before a big game—"We can't lose, we simply can't lose." To me it seems wiser to acknowledge that the other side may win, even though their triumph would destroy living forces in our present civilization. That civilization itself may disappear in the next great series of imperialist wars.

It is because the stakes are so high and the outcome is undecided that I cannot write impersonally about "The Great Tradition." Inevitably your book will serve as a weapon in the struggle. It will perform this service less by direct argument than by the cogency of its interpretations, less by precept than by example. If the weapon is bad, it is sure to be used against us. That is why I demand that it be nothing less than superb. I am delighted by its virtues, saddened by its faults, and I want to speak bluntly about one and the other.

"The Great Tradition" is possibly the first book in which the history of American literature since the Civil War is arranged into a simple and intelligible pattern. This in itself is a rare virtue, and it becomes still rarer when one considers that you have achieved it without sacrificing your sense of literary values to your political admirations or antagonisms, and without ever lapsing into that multihorrendous style adopted by most of those who try to be Marxian critics. The book is full of good critical writing, sound judgments and illuminating phrases. In large part, moreover, it fulfills its chief purpose—which was, I take it, to show that revolutionary writing, instead of being alien to the American tradition, was always at the heart of it.

These are considerable achievements, and you will forgive me for treating them more briefly than your faults, which are harder to define. Chief among them is a certain harshness and literalness of approach, which becomes most obvious in your discussion of Henry James. You say of his novels that for the most part they seem "completely remote from the lives of the vast majority of men." You say that his characters exist in a world "of almost complete abstractions," and with such a world you have no patience whatever. Defending the tradition of exact, class-conscious realism, you seem to ask that every novel should present a world as round and unmistakable as the lid of a garbage can. And you completely disregard the realism that Henry James achieved by virtue of his very abstractions.

You cannot forgive him for living in exile. As for Robert Herrick, Upton Sinclair, Frank Norris, the muckraking novelists who stayed at home, you cannot forgive them for remaining middle-class in the midst of their revolt. You judge them, not in relation to the society they tried to express, but rather from the standpoint of a revolutionary critic of the year 1933. With a better sense of historical perspective, your judgments might remain essentially the same, but would lose their dogmatic tone, would become a shade more lenient and persuasive.

In general you ask entirely too much of novelists, and at the same time too little. You ask too much sociological knowledge—as, for example, when you say that "to describe the contemporary scene regional writers would have had to record the breakdown of sectional lines, the growth of extra-regional alliances, the increasing industrialization of agriculture, the steady march of the factory across the continent. They would have had to show how machinery reduced the labor time spent in producing a bushel of wheat from three hours to ten minutes . . . how the shrinkage of the public domain killed the optimism that had thrived while the westward pilgrimage went on." It doesn't seem to occur to you that they might have described and demonstrated all these things, might have thoroughly displayed their sociological insight, and still might have remained inferior novelists for want of other qualities which you do not demand of them—warmth, vigor, imagination, an eye for human oddities, an ear for the good music of words.

Moreover, just as your demands on authors are one-sided, so your explanation of their motives is simplified to the point of distortion. People are poor and do this; people are rich and do that—so runs the easy formula. Thus, speaking of writers in my own college generation, you say that they ignored society and cultivated art in the abstract because, "if a privileged group feels in no danger of losing its privileges, it comes in time to take them for granted." You say that they decided "to make the most of the advantages with which they were blessed. . . . It was the natural response of the members of a privileged group." But later, you continue, after the Wall Street crash, these esthetes in large part become radicals, because, "in the first place, many of these complacent youths were directly affected by the depression, as their incomes or their fathers' incomes declined."

Now I happen to belong, with many of my friends, among these writers whose motives you are trying to set forth, and I can assure you that under Harding and Coolidge they weren't privileged in the least. They were miserably paid white-collar workers who lived in garrets or basements, ate somewhat irregularly and wrote for magazines that were careless about paying for contribu-

[1] The Great Tradition, by Granville Hicks. New York: The Macmillan Company. 327 pages. $2.50.

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tions. So far from being an expression of their privileged position in society, their literary opinions were essentially a protest against society—in those days it seemed quite useless to protest by political action. It happens, moreover, that since the depression several writers of this category have lived rather better than they did before, being older and better established in their profession. They had nothing to lose during prosperity; now they have something; yet this has not prevented them from becoming radicalized. Here is a paradox which cannot be explained by the dry formula of economic determinism—which, incidentally, is not the method proper to Marxian critics.

Not at this point, but sometimes at others, you overstep the thin line which separates unfavorable judgment from abuse. Thus, granting the truth of everything you say about James Branch Cabell's books, I can see no justification for your ascribing a "fundamental venality" to their author; phrases like this belong elsewhere than in a history of literature. As for Thornton Wilder, it is simply untrue that "his work merely reflects the cowardice and dishonesty of his spirit." People can disagree with us without being dishonest and fight for the existing order without being cowards.

Faults like harshness, narrowness, dogmatism, are not at all inherent in our position. It is our business, I think, to leave them to our opponents. Let them, lacking sounder arguments, heap abuse on people with whom they disagree. Let *them* be stingy of praise. Let *them* burn books and misrepresent the culture of the past and even, if they choose, set out to destroy it lest it threaten their position; it is our own function to interpret and preserve that culture for a living future. Let *them* be harsh, arid, one-sided and dogmatic. Let them, in a word, write propaganda; they need it in order to justify things as they are and make people accept the bleak world toward which they are leading. Generosity and human warmth are fighting on our side. We need simply discharge our responsibility as critics, we need simply find and set down the truth in its human complexity, being confident that the truth is all the propaganda we need.

MALCOLM COWLEY.

Don Juan O'Brien

The Journey of the Flame, by Antonio de Fierro Blanco. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 295 pages. $3.

WHOEVER is familiar with the history of Mexico since its contacts with European peoples began, has waited patiently for the proper use of that history in the form of fiction, knowing well how rich it is in moving adventure. And now, as soon as the attention of Mexico is a little taken from its own preoccupation with the unhappy aftermath of that history, the process of putting it in acceptable romantic form begins. A handsome and appealing example of what has been so long awaited is "The Journey of the Flame," by Antonio de Fierro Blanco, pleasingly Englished by Walter de Steiguer, competently though thinly illustrated by Alfredo Ramos Martinez.

The chief actor in the tale is that redoubtable gentleman, Señor Don Juan Obrigón, known to the Indiada, for certain gallant exploits, as "The Flame." The period against which the tale develops comes before the expulsion of the Jesuits from the Peninsula of Lower California and after the taking over of Alta California by the Franciscans under Padre Junipero Serra. The story is of a journey made in the train of Don Fermín Sanhudo, who had come to the Californias for the purpose of reporting back to the then King of Spain whether that country could well retain its hold on the American colonies. At the time the future Don Juan was a lad somewhere between eleven and thirteen years of age. His mother had been a native of Lower California, nearly white, and his father the son of one of the descendants of the traditional Irish kings, who at the time roved the new lands in Spanish ships, leaving hostages at every port. Don Juan, more properly Juanito, made the journey as the young companion of the son of Don Fermín and the devoted follower of his lady, Doña Ysabel de Fermín. The story is presented as he supposedly retells it, while fatted bulls roasted on the fiesta of his hundredth birthday. It was the profound conviction of Don Juan that he would have been a stouter man had he been fed upon bull's meat from the beginning, as the only proper diet for a *verdadero* male.

The story is admirably told, with enough detail to give the proper feeling of authenticity and freshness to the unfamiliar background, with many fine touches of veracity in the setting and portraiture. There is, first of all, the subtle delineation of the *mestizo* character, with its odd commingling of superstition and bravado; its pride of race and humility of place. There is the tradition of the Jesuit Fathers touched on the one hand with saintliness and on the other with fanaticism, and around them both the strange, fierce and prodigal land, with its vast uprearing areas of stone and its occasional rich streaks of loam which, when properly irrigated, give back so abundantly the fruits of the earth; its winding, infrequent *ensañadas,* crowded equally with seafood and pearls, and flung across it all the intermittent "season of Pitahayas," when the desert strangely ripens so plentifully with rich, succulent, red fruit, times that the dwellers in it "would rather remember it than be content elsewhere." In addition to being a native of so memorable a land, Don Juan ("Juan Colorado," as he was called because of his Irish red head) boasted the proud distinction of being bound in service to the family of the Sanhudos, of whom it was said that "the Twelve Apostles are all cousins or related by marriage"; and that the best fighting men in New Spain sought service with them.

All these matters Don Juan, in the beginning of his narrative, lets be known, as well as divers other matters concerning the chance-met incidents of the trail, such as that donkey meat would not be bad eating were it not for the cross on its back which renders it forbidden to Christians—except in extremity; and that the best of all wild meat is a six months' mountain ram larded with quails' fat; and divers other information needful to a year's journey such as his expedition made into the missions of Alta California. By such slips and advantages the expedition makes its way, including Padre Ugarte's method of converting wizards, the black figs of Comondu, the discussion which passed between God and the devil when Eve was made out of Adam's rib, the adventure of a ship loaded with pearls and the reasons why it is better to curse a mule than kick him. Should any be disposed to feel lugubrious over the misadventures of an exciting shortage of accustomed luxuries, it might be wholesome for him to read this account of a simple investigating excursion, such as occupied nearly three years of a governmental inspector's life in the early years of the eighteen hundreds.

Altogether, one finds "The Journey of the Flame" rich in entertainment, even as it appeared to those who scarcely knew any other life than the direct contact with the un-

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conquered earth and its exigencies, but the most interesting items of all, perhaps, are from the gossip of the Holy Orders plotting back and forth for the favor of the heavenly powers; the story of the miraculous exemption from grasshoppers which followed the advent of the Jesuits in Baja California; the havoc which Junipero wrought in its already depleted missions in outfitting his own *entrada* into the upper colonies; the killing of the resident padre by the tribe that wished to go to hell when they heard that the winters were warm there, and the padre forbidding their going; of the fortunes of the long road, called El Camino Real, which was for a king, where he should be, on the back of a good mule; of the mail carrier who having lost his parcel of letters in a flood, cut his throat, loyally, before the king's picture; of the superior quality of dried abalone as a food; of the conclusion of Juan Colorado that since Indians had no souls, they could, therefore, have no ghosts, and there was nothing to be feared from the spirits of the thirteen that Don Fermín hanged in Alta California. One has been, on the whole, so surfeited with the recalled sweetness of life in the California missions that one is relieved a little to come across so many instances in the narrative of Don Juan Colorado of a frank and normal humanness, as in the story of Sotelo Sebastiani and the wife of Sturgo Nacimbin, who, when her husband told her to obey her own conscience, spat at him and forthwith lived with the other man, whereupon Sebastiani laughed and lost a thousand pieces of silver to the Governor of California.

How much of the entertaining and freshly described anecdote of the story is factual and how much the product of the rich imagination of the *mestizo* mind, it is not possible for the reader unacquainted with that mind's capacity for invention to determine, but it is by the reading of such books that our knowledge of the processes of history is enlarged.

MARY AUSTIN.

Precious Egg

The Book of Talbot, by Violet Clifton. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 439 pages. $3.50.

TO WHAT shall "The Book of Talbot" be likened? say the publishers in effect, advertising a difficulty in classification which might possibly have been overcome by dint of sterner intellectual wrestle. I should liken it to a joint biography of husband and wife, written by the woman with emphasis on the life and travels of the man, dedicated somewhat ambitiously "To God, for Talbot," and in general effect achieving a happy fusion of Richard Halliburton and the Book of Mormon.

Talbot Clifton (1868--1928) was an English gentleman by birth: by reason of his driving solitary nature (or something, it is not very clear what), a traveler in far spots, "hale huntsman and pioneer." He was in the American West of the 90's, in Alaska just before the Klondike boom. He learned the language of the Eskimos, lived and hunted with them, penetrating almost to the Arctic Circle. Before catching his death in Africa he had been back and forth through the Dark Continent several times; also he saw South America, Tibet, Persia, Ireland and the like. At one time he puddled around for months in northern Siberia. Always he sought the most difficult fastnesses, learning from the folk and wondering greatly at this and that; always he shot the wild beasts, being a great lover thereof; and frequently he did something signal, as to wit shoot a rapids or a fierce bear, find a new kind of ram "worthy to be sent to England," get his nose frostbitten. Jack London would have whooped the virtues of Talbot. Rather striking as to appearance, he was very contained, very brave, imperious yet shy withal, "wearying quickly of people of the world," rejoicing in his flute, his Shakespeare. He was bull-headed and much given to boyish fits of temper as well, a spoiled child, consulting his own pleasure wholly, profoundly unconscious of whatever implications lay in the society of his time. But this you must worry out from between the lines, for Mrs. Clifton, though using a superficially objective treatment, writes from too near her subject, approaches Talbot solemnly and with hush, as though dealing with the Trinity. "Talbot was glad," or "Talbot found it good," or "terrible in justice and anger" was Talbot, she records, and the earth shakes. Whether his day's adventure was stirring or utterly trivial, it is no matter: she carries on with epic step and the avowed intent of making her man immortal; and the upshot is that she makes him tolerably boring and often silly.

He may have been an arresting character: he certainly barged into some strange places and experiences, was most stuffed with varied knowledges and seems to have left strong impress on those he met in his passage. But here is only the shadow of a man, before which the author does infinite obeisance without showing why. There is no development and, although you run upon vague reference to his need for philosophy, you cannot discover a mind; nor can you take very seriously such an attempt to come at the mainspring of him as this: "He would lose himself, to find himself perchance. . . . So in some wise was it with Talbot, who, in travel, reached out beyond himself and, with a kiss, touched the vestment of his ultimate good." Or such endeavor to indicate his reaction to cosmic processes as, "Strange that frail man, and frailer fly, survive, albeit the mighty mammoth is no longer!" At times Mrs. Clifton's awful yen for high-flown prose overpowers her altogether. "Turn by turn the wingèd lovers fly off, and rest, and drink of the sea. Thousands of guillemots on the rocks, all guardant of their eggs. . . . When, from precious egg, precious bird is born, the tenderness by rudeness will be followed." . . . Somebody laid a precious egg, by rudeness followed.

OTIS C. FERGUSON.

Cross Purposes

Life in the United States: A compilation by 26 hands. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 324 pages. $2.50.

TWO YEARS ago the editors of Scribner's Magazine, worried by a persistent suspicion "that recent tendencies in American fiction which resulted in rather depressing and brutal stories did not represent the American scene," sought evidence to confirm their doubts. This optimistic skepticism took familiar shape in a prize contest. Amateur writers were asked to enter brief accounts of what they, personally, had found life in the United States to be. An earnestly irrelevant prefatory note explains that amateur writers were especially invited because: "The editors hoped by appealing to those who were not professional writers to discover a more wholesome and contented picture of life than the work of the foremost writers suggested."

By the time the last manuscript was in, the editors' hopes seem to have been utterly confounded. "Life in the United States" is a compilation of twenty-seven narratives selected from the 4,500 entries. It is a meaty and valuable book, but certainly it supplies no cogent rebuttal to those gloomy themes of more celebrated native writers. Most of its factual testimony, indeed, seems to be precisely the sort of

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thing that the editors were out to prove false. Perhaps that is why "Life in the United States" is an even more melancholy book than it might have been had the editors not specified a "wholesome and contented picture of life." Naturally everyone who wrote for the contest wanted to win a prize, and most of the contestants, almost pathetically at times, tried to keep up as happy a tone as possible. But another requirement was that each narrative be a "first-hand experience or observation from life," and here, it seems, is where the contradiction enters, for when a writer sets out to make wholesomeness and contentment jibe with real lower and middle-class American life, he is apt to finish up with something sadder than the implications of his original material.

Where, for example, in any American novel, can be found a more depressing or brutal scene than the one reported by Frances Woodward Prentice in "Oklahoma Race Riot," which took first prize? Powerfully graphic though Mrs. Prentice's story is, it's a lollipop compared with what happened that bloody night in Tulsa. She has gone light on the most unpleasant details. The best of these stories have tragic themes, but tragedy is not often so much stressed as it is in Ruth Crawford's "The Jersey Devil Came," a splendidly told story of what happened to a glass-blower's family when the machines came in; or in Connie McRae's touching "Five Kids from the East Side"; or in Carl Carmer's "Black Belt." It is, nevertheless, just as insistent beneath the bright surface of Miriam Cimino's "Muscadines for Pink Corsets"; Ivy Morton's "A Bride in a Box Car"; Sarah-Elizabeth Rodger's "Florida Interlude"; Owen Francis' "The Ladies Call on Mr. Pussick," each of which attempts dutifully to fulfill the editorial anticipations. Even "Hills of Home," by Mary Hartwick, winner of the second prize, is a tale of cruel hardship in the life of Montana homesteaders, though a happy ending is provided. The twenty-seven narratives are of such even quality that it must have been difficult to have named one as more deserving than the others. "Old Billy Hell," Daniel M. Garrison's accurate dialogue between two oil-field workers in an Oklahoma boom town, "Drummers' Rest," Edward Hilt's sketch of an odd hostelry in the Carolina mountains, and "Fragments of Alluvia," E. P. O'Donnell's group of anecdotes about Negro life, seem to me as commendable as either of the two prize winners.

But what of the 4,473 other contestants? Were their stories less cheerful than these that have been reprinted? Or were they so caught between the cross purposes of trying to relate their own experiences and trying to give a wholesome and contented picture of American life that their efforts proved simply impossible?

GEORGE MILBURN.

Books in Brief

BELLES LETTRES

ENGLISH LITERATURE IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY, by J. W. Cunliffe. *New York: The Macmillan Company. 341 pages. $3.*

Professor Cunliffe presents a group of intelligent discussions and appreciations of some of the more distinguished figures in English literature since 1900. An immediate reaction to a collection of this sort is a questioning: why Walpole and no mention of May Sinclair or E. M. Forster? Why Rupert Brooke and nothing of Siegfried Sassoon? Why Lascelles Abercrombie and not Robert Bridges or Edith Sitwell? Where is James Joyce? Professor Cunliffe gives no suggestion of an answer, for his book,

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apart from a listing of general tendencies in the introduction, attempts no formulation of a pervasive theme or controlling synthesis. It is perhaps too early for such a formulation to be made with authority; and surely most readers will find refreshing the absence of the doctrinaire in Mr. Cuniiffe's essays. He is naturally more at home with Galsworthy and Masefield than with Aldous Huxley or Gerard Manley Hopkins, but his treatment of his authors, however chosen, is always candid and honest. He refuses to be shocked into animadversion even by the improprieties of "Lady Chatterley's Lover." He has the admirable custom of letting his subjects speak for themselves, and his quotations reflect thorough reading and skillful choice.

ON READING SHAKESPEARE, by Logan Pearsall Smith. *New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 191 pages. $1.50.*

That exquisite urbanity which one associates with the writings of Logan Pearsall Smith is not absent from this excursion into the forbidding regions of Shakespeare commentary. His essay is an admirable example of what he definies criticism to be: "the record . . . of an esthetic experience, vividly felt . . . and then . . . the patient search for the explanation of the experience, and then its translation into terms of thought." Having communicated the spell that the poet works upon him, he shows how the enchantment is compounded: the unique mastery of language, the evocation of images that carry the conviction of musical motifs, the creation of character of such range, depth and complexity as to involve the creation of a world peopled by fairies and monsters as well as by human beings, and finally, the incomparable poetry decanted by the ironic mind which is for him the essential Shakespeare. The book is a teasing one, suggesting many paths for exploration and offering a tempting bibliography, so that even while one envies the author his "infinite astronomical leisure," one is glad that he used some part of it to prepare this small feast.

Public Questions

TATTERED BANNERS, by Talcott Powell. *New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 299 pages. $2.50.*

This book, like several recent works on veteran's affairs, supports the point of view adopted and vigorously propagandized by the United States Chamber of Commerce and the National Security League. It holds that the veteran does not deserve compensation except for disability connected with the battlefield, on the ground that when the soldier was given the privilege of serving his country he was given spiritual pay beyond which material benefits are degrading. After showing that many veterans actually have been receiving aid from the government for various reasons not connected with the battlefield, Mr. Powell says that in the last decade and a half World War veterans have received about $6,000 million in pensions, or almost one-third of the total cost of the conflict to the United States. A brief history of veteran compensation since 600 B. C. reënforces the point that ex-soldiers by and large are grafters and mercenaries. Mr. Powell gives no space to matter that seems relevant: that the common soldiers were drafted into the War against their will; that during the War United States corporations received tremendous profits in which the soldiers did not share ($38,000 million by Charles Beard's estimate); that with the return of peace thousands of corporations were paid bonuses by the government on the basis of what they might have garnered from the War if it had not ended so soon.

BEHIND THESE WALLS, by James R. Winning. *New York: The Macmillan Company. 303 pages. $2.*

This is a personal document, recording the author's experiences during about six and a half years in a mismanaged American penitentiary. It records all the prison gripes that are usually exposed in such books—bad food, insanitary conditions, exploitation of the inmates, sadistic guards, forced labor in the prison shops, straitjackets, barbaric solitary confinements. Also it indicates that in the author's experience at this particular (and unnamed) institution there was not one effort made to reform one prisoner. Instead, the convicts were driven into insanity, left in conditions that frequently induced tuberculosis, and were embittered beyond possible redemption. The climax of the book deals

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with a prison fire in which about two hundred and ninety prisoners lost their lives because of official inanity. A prison strike followed this catastrophe, but surrounded by militia and machine guns, the striking prisoners adopted a policy of passive resistance, which spelled their defeat. Their leaders were segregated and a sterner prison routine inaugurated. Mr. Winning's book is another unanswerable condemnation of our prison system.

Fiction

THE JOURNEY, by Rose Caylor. *New York: Covici, Friede. $2.50.*

This curious, irritating and entertaining story of adolescent Caryl's brief journey into life is written in a technique that harks back to the eighteenth century; the addresses to the reader, the bright generalizations, the kernels of philosophy with which Miss Caylor adorns her pages are consciously in the manner of Laurence Sterne. "The Journey" alternately roasts and pities its defenseless heroine as she wanders in and out of an ill advised marriage to a whimsical, cynical, slightly mad newspaperman—the marriage has taken place on the spur of the moment, and the novel begins as Caryl is on her way to New Orleans to meet the husband who fled immediately after the ceremony. Her failure to hold him comes from her inability to break through the shell of convention and "femaleness" into the clear air of reality; and she is ably cheered on to her defeat by as poisonous and unlikely a collection of women as has appeared in life or fiction. Though the book is intermittently penetrating, the humor is over-sprightly and the sentiment over-pathetic—and Miss Caylor seems to possess a great store of miscellaneous information and opinion which she continually thrusts into the story whether it fits well or not.

THE LADIES, by Stanley Hopkins. *New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.*

This is a lively and competent version of "Main Street" with the emphasis laid upon the fate of unmarried women in a small Southern town. Captain Flood, a vain and empty-minded Confederate veteran, was able during his lifetime to provide his daughters with the necessities of life, even with a few luxuries. But he could not provide them a reason for existence, and at his death they were left rattling around in an emotional vacuum. Their brother, a naval officer, would like to do something for the girls but reflects that you can't, after all, do anything for women. All they want is a man. He "might as well set up a bawdy house in his apartment," so the girls are left to their fate. One goes a little crazy, one marries, is deserted by her husband and jumps out of a hotel window. The one who marries "well" wears herself out with childbearing and dies at forty-two of a hemorrhage. The others, after a few sexual flutterings, settle down to rock out their lives on summer porches or upstairs in darkened rooms wetting handkerchiefs to lay on aching foreheads. The author brings detachment to bear upon the scene, but it is the superiority of the person who sees through things and is bent chiefly upon exposing them. The characters, thus pilloried, revenge themselves by never coming quite alive.

Contributors

JONATHAN MITCHELL, now living in Washington and contributing articles on politics and labor to various magazines, is the author of "Goose Steps to Peace."

ISOBEL STROTHER WALKER has done newspaper work and short stories. She is now working on a novel.

MARY AUSTIN, who has written many plays and novels, published her autobiography last year under the title of "Earth Hunger." She is at present living in Santa Fe, New Mexico.

OTIS C. FERGUSON, who won The New Republic award in 1932 for the best sketch submitted by a college student, is at present free lancing in New York City, having been graduated from Clark University last summer. While at college he was editor of The Quarterly and The Year Book.

GEORGE MILBURN began writing on a Tulsa, Oklahoma, newspaper ten years ago. His latest book, "No More Trumpets," contains eighteen stories of American life.

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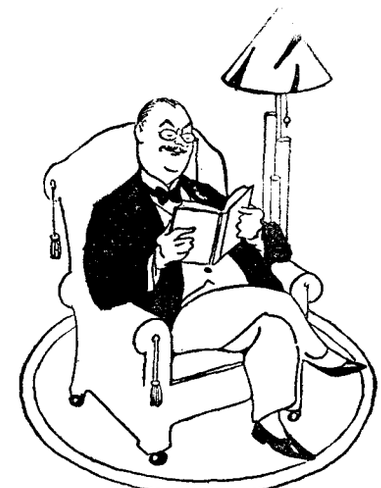

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